CURRENT ANECDOTES

A Preacher's Magazine of Illustrations, Homiletics, Sermons and Methods of Church Work.

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Vol. IV, No. 8. CLEVELAND, MAY, 1903. Cut Gems, Vol. VIII, No. 8.

WINDOWS FOR SERMONS.

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D.

AN EMERGENCY CANDLE. (398)

Prov. 19: 22; Rom. 12: 10; 2 Cor. 6: 6; 2 Pet. 1: 7.

"Here is an emergency candle," said a thoughtful hostess to a newly-come guest. She pointed to a bracket within easy reach, with candle and match box upon it, and went on to explain: "I once heard of a serious complication of affairs in the night because the electric lights would not burn in a sudden emergency, and I put this candle here to use in case of need." Here was the refinement of thoughtfulness characteristic of the hostess, and the text for a bit of a sermon, too. The emergency candle stands for the old-time, homely virtues, the little pleasant, useful things, the familiar helpfulness, which, quite independent of modern invention, may come to the rescue in the dark when the most elaborate appliances fail for want of connection. No modern machinery is needed to keep kindness and neighborliness within reach. Some of the brightest things of life and love have never been modernized—for which thanks be. There is always a shelf for an emergency candle.

REFINED BY AFFLICTION. (399)

1 Pet. 1: 6, 13; 2: 19; 3: 14; 4: 12; Heb. 11.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hill gives a splendid illustration of the refining power of affliction and sorrow: In his celebrated painting, Delaroche has assembled a court of universal genius. Around an imaginary art tribunal stand the sages, orators, philosophers, reformers, and martyrs who have achieved eminence. Strange, passing strange, that those who stand in the forefront, pre-eminent for their ability, are alike pre-eminent for their sufferings! Denied his ambition and the promised land, Moses leads the immortal band. Blind Homer feels his way. Then comes Paul, flogged and stoned out of all semblance of a man. Exiled Dante, too, is there, whose inferno in life best interprets his inferno of death. There, too, is Milton, broken-hearted and blind. Now comes One who leads all that goodly company. His name is "above every name." And whence His supremacy? That is His secret: "His visage was marred more than any man's and His form more than the sons of men."

TAMING A MAN'S TEMPER. (400)

Isa. 32: 6; Luke 6: 45; Rom. 12: 19; Prov. 29: 8.

A man bought a tract of land in a mountain region. On it was a wild stream which rushed down in a fierce torrent through deep chasms and gorges, carrying destruction to the valleys below. The owner built a flume in the torrent, and then it flowed quietly down the slopes and turned great mills in the valley. Thus the wild stream became a source of useful energy, and its power, no longer destructive, became useful. That is what we should do with a bad temper—tame it, bring it under discipline, and compel it to use its energy for good and not for evil. The secret for such a change is in getting the mastery of one's self. We have high authority for saying that "he that ruleth his spirit is mightier than he that taketh a city."

LED BY A LITTLE CHILD. (401)

Heb. 12: 9; Matt. 18: 3, 4; Isa. 11: 6; Matt. 18: 2.

King Edward of England visited Skibo Castle last year. Andrew Carnegie received the king at the entrance to the castle, and said that he felt honored by the visit, whereupon the British monarch genially remarked: "Not at all. It is an honor to me to know the man who is educating the world." In the course of the evening, the king asked to see Miss Carnegie. The little maid was brought into the room, and the king sat her on his knee, and asked for a kiss. Her reply was: "Yes, certainly. Would you like to see my dolls?" The sovereign laughingly assented, and at his suggestion the whole party adjourned to the nursery to inspect the child's toys. Child-

hood is ever more and more powerful since the old prophecy, "A little child shall lead them," was realized in Jesus.

THE CONVERSION OF ROWDY BROWN. (402)

Luke 8:35; John 13:2; Jer. 17:9; Ezek. 36:26.

Dr. E. E. Helms tells a vivid story of the conversion of Rowdy Brown. He was the toughest of all tough New York. The brutality of a savage, the ferocity of a beast. One day passing a man seated at the wharf, quietly reading his Bible, Rowdy Brown, out of pure devilishness, kicked the man so violently in the mouth that he knocked out every one of his teeth. One day he heard that Tom—a mate of his—had been converted down at the Water Street Mission. He swore that he would go down there that very night, and if Tom got up to speak he would jump on him, force open his jaws, and pour a bottle of whiskey down his throat. He had the boldness and brawn to do it. He went—whiskey in pocket. The hall was crowded with rough but listening men. He listened, waiting for Tom's turn to speak. But while he listened a strange thing was happening to him. What means this, he can't understand it. He trembles. He turns pale. He tries to run, but his legs seem paralyzed. He can't move. Tom's up telling of the power of Christ to save—now is your time, Rowdy, out with your bottle, go for him. But instead he falls on his face, with a shriek like death, crying, "Pray for me, pray for me, I am in hell, I feel its torments." Rowdy Brown was converted that night, and went forth with a passion for souls that astonished everyone that had known him.

LIVE UP TO THE PRESENT LIGHT. (403)

1 Cor. 8:1; Rom. 1:21; 2:21; Gen. 2:9; 1 Cor. 15:34.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet, enjoyed nothing so much as a clever retort, even if it happened to be at his own expense. One day, at an entertainment, he was seated near the refreshment table, and observed a little girl looking with longing eyes at the good things. With his invariable fondness for children, he said kindly, "Are you hungry, little girl?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Then why don't you take a sandwich?" "Because I haven't any fork." "Fingers were made before forks," said the Doctor, smilingly. The little girl looked up at him, and replied, to his great delight, "Not my fingers." The little girl's repartee opens a fine vein of truth. She had to live up to her light, not to the light of little savages who had no forks. And so, we must never forget that we shall be judged according to our light.

SIMPLICITY. (404)

Luke 4:20-22; Matt. 13:34; Mark 4:34; 1 Tim. 1:7.

A clergyman was talking to a costermonger one evening and trying to show him the great salvation, when a bright-looking fellow came up and quietly put him aside, saying: "Sir, I found Christ last week. I think I can talk to this man better than you." "Well, let us hear what you have to say." Then the man began in his own lingo: "Now, Joe, s'pose it were all up wi' yer—mother starvin', children starvin' and the mackerel nowhere. S'pose I see yer lookin' very pale and sad and miserable, and says I, 'Joe, here's a fat half for yer; I give it yer with all my heart, be off and do yer work.' Away you go to Billingsgate, and spend the fat half. You get the mackerel and bring it home; you get the money and bring home some bread; yes, there it be at home; now, what would you say?" "I would say, 'Thank you; God bless you.'" "Well, say that to Christ, for He did give you only the fat half but the whole." The man at once saw the point, and entered into peace. Every minister and every Sunday school teacher is under bonds to preach the Gospel in the simplest possible manner.

SAVED THROUGH A MISTAKE. (405)

Isa. 50:4; Rom. 11:22; Matt. 20:16.

One day, as Felix Neff, the Swiss reformer, was walking in a street in the city of Lausanne, he saw at a distance a man whom he took for one of his friends. He ran behind him, tapped him on the shoulder before looking him in the face, and asked him, "What is the state of your soul, my friend?" The stranger turned: Neff perceived his error, apologized, and went his way. Some three or four years after a man came to Neff and accosted him, saying that he was indebted to him for a great kindness. Neff did not recognize him, and begged he would explain. The stranger replied: "Have you forgotten an unknown person, whose shoulder you touched in the street in Lausanne, asking him, 'What is the state of your soul?' It was I. Your question led me to serious reflection. Now I find it is well with my soul."

A GRATEFUL HEART. (406)

John 11:41; Rev. 4:9; 1 Thess. 5:18; Rom. 14:6, 7.

Some one was commiserating a blind girl in Scotland on her blindness, but she would not admit that she had anything to be condoled with about. She said: "If I dinna see there's naebody in the glen can hear like me. There's no a footstep of a Drumthocty man comes to the door but I ken his name, and there's no voice on the road that I canna tell. The birds sing sweeter to me than to anybody else, and I can hear them cheeping to one another in the bushes before they go to sleep. And the flowers smell sweeter to me—the roses and the carnations and the bonny moss-rose—and I judge that the oat-cake and milk taste the richer because I dinna see them. Na, na, ye're no to think that I have been ill treated by my God, for if he didna give ae thing, he gave me mony things instead. And mind ye, it's no as if I'd seen once and lost my sight; that might ha' been a trial, and my faith might have failed. I've lost naething; my life has all be getting."

WU TING FANG'S REGARD FOR TRUTH. (407)

Prov. 3: 3; Jer. 9: 5; John 8: 44.

Wu Ting Fang asked a reporter one day what salary he received. The young fellow, wanting to make a big impression on the ambassador, answered glibly, "One hundred and fifty dollars a week." "It is too much. It is altogether too much," said the more candid than polite Chinaman. "You are not worth more than twenty-five dollars a week." Sometime later the Chinese minister learned that the reporter had not spoken the truth, and that instead of a hundred and fifty dollars a week he received but sixty dollars. Consequently, when he again presented himself at the Chinese legation for information for his paper, he was curtly dismissed by Wu Ting Fang with these words: "You lied to me about your salary. If you will lie about such a thing as that, you will lie about anything. I do not trust you. I have nothing to say to you. I want to revise my former estimate of your value. Instead of being worth twenty-five dollars a week, you are not worth anything, sir." No doubt that young reporter was ready to agree with Paul's comparison in his letter to the Ephesians, that truth is a girdle that holds character together.

ALL'S WELL. (408)

2 Sam. 18: 28; Gen. 4: 7; 2 Kings 4: 26; Eccl. 8: 12.

A traveller returning from Europe relates how one beautiful Sunday evening on the steamship Oceanic, in mid ocean, a large group of Welshmen sang beautifully both in Welsh and in English the great old church hymns. There were more than two thousand passengers and nearly all were listening with delight. Just at dark they sang, "Jesus, lover of my soul." After singing it in Welsh, they repeated it in English. Just as they finished the line, "Safe into the haven guide," the captain on the bridge tapped three bells. The watchman on the first lookout repeated the three taps loudly on his larger bell, and sent out over the decks and out over the waves the cry, "All's well!" Far up in the crow's nest, nearly one hundred feet from the deck, the watchman in the second lookout caught it up and sent it out farther yet into the ocean's darkness. "All's well!" A gentleman standing by the traveller's side on the deck remarked, "Wouldn't it be fine if every soul on this great liner could from the heart and for himself, echo it yet again, and fling it up to the angels above, 'All's well!' "

THE SPOT MOST DEAR. (409)

2 Tim. 2: 10; Heb. 1: 4; Isa. 25: 9.

There is an old hymn beginning with the words, "There is a spot to me more dear," that used to be sung with great emotion at camp meetings and revivals in the far Northwest. I shall never forget personally the joy that hymn was to me on hearing it sung the next day after I had definitely given myself to the Christian life, and felt in my own heart the joy of Christ's forgiving presence. The first verse of William Hunter's hymn stirred all my fountains of emotion, and the glad tears ran down my cheeks:

"There is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain;
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain.
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven;
But where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven."

Too Lazy to Stop: The first story that I ever heard him tell was in open court at Urbana upon the occasion of the judge commenting on a long and verbose bill in chancery, written by an excellent but extremely lazy lawyer, when Lincoln said (and I think he improvised it on the moment): "That's like the lazy preacher who used, in spite of his laziness, to write very long and tedious sermons. One of the deacons explained it thus: 'He got to writing and was too lazy to stop.' "—H. C. Whitney.

Lincoln and the Children: His sensitiveness to a child's wants made Mr. Lincoln a most indulgent father. He continually carried his boys about with him, and their pranks, even when they approached rebellion, seemed to be an endless delight to him. Like most boys, they liked to run away, and neighbors of the Lincolns tell many tales of Mr. Lincoln's capture of the culprits. One of the prettiest of these is a story told of an escape Willie once made, when three or four years old, from the hands of his mother, who was giving him a rubbing. He scampered out of the door, without the vestige of a garment on him, flew up the street, slipped under a fence into a great green field, and took across it. Mr. Lincoln was sitting on the porch and discovered the pink and white runaway as he was cutting across the green sward. He stood up, laughing aloud, while the mother entreated him to go in pursuit; then he started in chase. Half way across the field he caught the child and covered his rosy form with kisses. Then, mounting him on his back, the chubby legs around his neck, he rode him back to his mother and the tub.

Heading up the Barrel: One of Mr. Lincoln's illustrations was of a man who, in driving the hoops of a hogshead to head it up, was much annoyed by the constant falling in of the top. At length the bright idea came to him of putting his little boy inside to "hold it up." This he did, it never occurring to him till the job was done, how he was to get the child out. "This," said he, "is a fair sample of the way some people always do business."

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE TALMUD.

[NOTE.—The "Talmud" is a collection of early Biblical discussions, with the comments of generations of teachers who devoted their lives to the study of the Scriptures. It is an encyclopaedia of law, civil and penal, human and divine. It is more, however, than a mere book of laws. It records the thoughts, rather than the events, of a thousand years of the national life of the Jewish people; all their oral traditions, carefully gathered and preserved with a love devout in its trust and simplicity. Accepted as a standard study, it became endeared to the people, who, as they were forbidden to add to or diminish from the law of Moses, would not suffer this work of their Rabbis to be tampered with in any manner. As it was originally compiled it has been transmitted to us. It is a literary wilderness. At the first view, everything, style, method, and language, seems tangled and confused. The student, however, will soon observe two motives or currents in the work; at times harmonious, at times diverse. One displaying the logical mind, which compares, investigates, developes, and instructs; the other, imaginative and poetical. The first is called "Halachah" (Rule), and finds a vast field in the Levitical and ceremonial laws; the other takes possession of the ethical and historicall portions of Holy Writ. It is called "Hagadah," or Legend, not so much in our present acceptance of the term, as in the wider sense of a saying without positive authority, an allegory, a parable, a tale.

The Talmud is divided into two parts, Mishna and Gemarah. They are the continued works of successive Rabbis, chiefs or principals of the colleges in which they devoted their lives to study. Most of the redacteurs of the Mishna were dead, however, long before the Gemarah was commenced. The time consumed in the completion of the entire Talmud is stated to have been three hundred and eleven years. In its present form it consists of twelve folio volumes, containing the precepts of the Pentateuch with extended commentaries upon them; amplified Biblical incidents; occurrences affecting the religious life of those who prepared it; philosophical treatises; stories, traditions, and parables. It was called the oral or unwritten law, in contradistinction to the Pentateuch, which remained, under all circumstances, the immutable code, the divinely given constitution, the written law.]

CUSTOMS OF SODOM. (410)

Gen. 13: 13; 18: 20.

When a poor man entered the city of Sodom the people would give him money in order to save a reputation for charity, but they made an agreement among themselves that no one should either give or sell him food, or allow him to depart from the city. The man would consequently die of starvation, and the people would then regain the money they had given him. They would even rob the body of the rags which covered it, and bury it naked in the wilderness.

Upon one occasion Sarai sent her servant Eleazer to Sodom to inquire concerning the welfare of Lot and his family. As he entered the city, Eleazer observed a Sodomite fighting with a stranger whom he had defrauded, and who, running to Eleazer, implored him for assistance.

"What art thou doing to this poor man?" said Eleazer to the Sodomite; "shame upon thee to act in this manner towards a stranger in your midst!"

And the Sodomite replied:

"Is he thy brother? What is our quarrel to thee?" and picking up a stone, he struck Eleazer with it on the forehead, causing his blood to flow freely in the street. When the Sodomite saw the blood, he caught hold of Eleazer, crying:

"Pay me my fee as a leech; see, I have freed thee of this impure blood; pay me quickly, for such is our law."

"What!" exclaimed Eleazer, "thou hast wounded me and I am to pay thee for it!"

This Eleazer refused to do, and the Sodomite had him brought into the court, and there before the judge reiterated his demand for a fee.

"Thou must pay the man his fee," said the judge addressing Eleazer; "he has let thy blood, and such is our law."

Eleazer paid the money, and then lifting up the stone he struck the judge heavily with it, and the blood spurted out in a strong stream.

"There!" exclaimed Eleazer, "follow thy law and pay my fee to this man; I want not the money," and he left the court-house.

CAIN'S MEAN SACRIFICE. (411)

Gen. 4: 8, 11; John 3: 12; Heb. 11: 4.

And after a time it came to pass that the lads each brought an offering to the Lord. Cain brought from the fruit of the ground, and Abel brought from the firstlings of his flock. But while Abel selected the finest and best-conditioned animals, Cain offered fruit of an inferior quality, the poorest which the earth offered. Therefore, Cain's offering was unheeded, while the fire of acceptance fell from heaven, consuming the gracious gift which his brother had presented to his Maker. Thus a feeling of jealousy found birth in Cain's heart, and he resolved, when a good opportunity should offer, to slay his brother.

This time came upon an occasion when Cain was ploughing his fields. Abel, leading his flocks to pasture, crossed the ground which his brother was tilling.

In a wrathful spirit, Cain approached Abel, saying, "Wherefore comest thou with thy flocks to dwell in and to feed upon the land which belongs to me?"

And Abel answered:

"Wherefore eatest thou of the flesh of my sheep? Wherefore clothe thyself in garments fashioned from their wool? Pay me for the flesh which thou hast eaten, for the garments in which thou art clothed, for they are mine, even as this ground is thine; then will I go out of it, aye, and fly through the air, so that I may not touch it."

Then said Cain to his brother:

"Behold, thou art in my power. If I should see fit to slay thee now, today, who would avenge thy death?"

"God, who has placed us upon this earth," replied Abel. "He is the judge who rewardeth the pious man according to his deeds, and the wicked according to his wickedness. Thou canst not slay me and hide from Him the action. He will surely punish thee, aye, even for the evil words which thou hast spoken to me but now."

This answer increased Cain's wrathful feelings, and, raising the implement of his labor which he was holding in his hand, he struck his brother suddenly therewith, and killed him.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF CAIN. (412)

Gen. 4: 11.

Now as Lemech grew old, his eyes grew very dim, and finally all sight was taken from them, and Tubal-Cain, his son, led him by the hand when he walked abroad.

And it came to pass, when Tubal-Cain was still quite young, that he led his father into the fields to hunt, and he said to his father:

"Lo, yonder is a beast of prey, shoot thy arrow in that direction."

Lemech did as his son had spoken, and the arrow struck Cain, who was walking afar off, and killed him. Thus was Cain's blood shed even as he had shed the blood of Abel, his brother.

Now when Lemech and his son drew near and saw that instead of a beast of prey they had killed their progenitor Cain, Lemech trembled exceedingly and clapped his hands heavily together in surprise, grief and fright. Being blind, he saw not his son, and struck the lad's head between his hands, killing him instantly. When his wives discovered what their husband had done they upbraided and despised him. And he spoke to them, saying:

"Ada and Zillah, listen to my voice! Oh, wives of Lemech, give ear unto my speech! I have slain a man to my hurt, a child to my wounding, but not in cruelty or with design. Ye know that I am old and hoary, that my eyes are sightless; accidentally I did this thing to my own wounding and my own hurt."

ADAM'S COAT OF SKINS. (413)

Gen. 3.

Now Nimrod grew up, and his father loved him exceedingly, because he was the child of his old age. And there was a certain coat of skins which God had made for Adam. When Adam died this coat became the possession of Enoch; from him it descended to Methusaleh, his son; Methusaleh gave it to Noah, who took it with him into the ark. And when the people left the ark Ham stole this coat, and hid it from his brothers, giving it secretly thereafter to Cush, his son. Cush kept it hidden for many years, until out of his great love he gave it to Nimrod, the child of his old age. When Nimrod was twenty years of ago he put on this coat, and it gave him strength and might; might as a hunter in the fields, and might as a warrior in the subjection of his enemies and opponents. And his wars and undertakings prospered until he became king over all the earth.

Behold, to this day his power is a proverb among men, and he who instructs the youthful arm in the wielding of weapons, and the youthful mind in the secrets of the chase, wishes his pupils "even as Nimrod, who was a mighty hunter in the land, and prosperous in his wars."

FATTENED FOR KILLING. (414)

Esther 3.

The king advanced Haman, the son of Hamdatha, the Agagite, to an illustrious position in the kingdom. He was raised, however, but to be destroyed. His destiny was like to that of the hog, in the parable of the horse, the colt, and the hog.

A certain man possessed a horse, a colt and a hog. For the two former he measured out daily a certain amount of food; so much was their allowance, no more, no less; the hog, however, was allowed to eat according to his own pleasure. Said the colt to the horse, "How is this? Is it just? We work for our food, while the hog is a useless animal; surely we should have as much to eat as is given him."

"Wait," answered the horse, "and you will soon see, in the downfall of the hog, the reason."

With the coming of the autumn the hog was killed.

"See," said the horse, "they did not give the hog so much to eat for his own benefit, but in order to fatten him for the killing."

GALLOWS FOR A HEBREW. (415)

Esther 7.

"Then said unto him Zeresh, his wife, to Haman, with all her friends, 'Let them make a gallows,' " etc.

Thou canst never prevail against Mordecai by means which have already been brought to bear against his people," said Zeresh to Haman. "Thou canst not kill him with a knife or sword, for Isaac was delivered from the same; neither canst thou drown him, for Moses and the people of Israel walked safely through the sea. Fire will not burn him, for with Chananyah and his comrades it failed; wild beasts will not tear him, for Daniel was rescued from the lions' fangs; neither will a dungeon contain him, for Joseph walked to honor through a prison's gates. Even if we deprive him of sight we can not prevail against him, for Samson was made blind, and yet destroyed thousands of the Philistines. There is but one way left us; we must hang him."

NILE, THE GOD OF EGYPTIANS. (416)

Exodus 13: 17.

Why were the waters first smitten in the plagues? Because the Egyptians worshipped the river Nile, and the Lord said, "I will first smite the god and then its nation," according to the proverb, "I will fist smite the gods, then the priests will be terrified."

MOSES' STAFF. (417)

Exodus 13.

The question "What hast thou in thy hand?" was a rebuke, meaning that by the staff which he carried in his hand he deserved punishment for doubting. Why did Moses' staff become a serpent? Because he implied falsehood to the Lord, even as did the serpent in Eden.

A heathen chief said to Rabbi Josah, "My gods are greater than thy gods."

"Why?" asked the sage.

"Because," replied the heathen, "when your God appeared in the thorn bush Moses hid his face, but when he saw the serpent, which is my god, he fled before it."

And Rabbi Josah answered:

"When our God appears we cannot flee from Him: He is in the heaven and on earth, on sea and dry land; but if a man flies from thy god, the serpent, a few steps deliver him."

MOSES AND DAVID, KIND SHEPHERDS. (418)

Prov. 12: 10.

He searches the righteous. How? By judging of the manner in which they attend to the flocks entrusted to their charge.

David, the son of Jesse, He tried in this manner. Before the lambs David set tender grass for food; to the old sheep he gave soft herbs and tender grass, while to the young sheep, able to chew well, he gave the old grass; feeding each according to its wants and strength. Therefore the Lord said, "David, who is able to care for the wants of the flocks entrusted to him, will be able to rule properly over my flock, the people of Israel," even as it is written, "After the young flock He brought Him to rule over Jacob His people."

So did the Lord try Moses. While keeping the flock of his father-in-law in the wilderness a lamb left the flock and ran away. The merciful shepherd pursued it, and found it quenching its thirst at a spring by the roadside. "Poor lamb," said Moses, "I did not know that thou wast thirsty;" and after the lamb had finished drinking, he took it up tenderly in his arms and carried it back to the flock. Then said God, "Moses, merciful Moses, if thy love and care is so great for an animal, how much greater will it be, exerted for thy fellow-being! thou shalt lead my people Israel."

MOSES' EGYPTIAN MOTHER. (419)

And Bathia, the daughter of Pharaoh, went forth to seek Moses and Aaron, and she found them in their dwelling singing praises to the Lord. And Bathia addressed Moses, saying:

"Lo, I have nourished thee in my arms and loved thee in my heart even from thy infancy, and how hast thou rewarded my care and affection! Upon me, upon my people, and upon my father's house, thou hast brought calamity and affliction."

"Have any of the plagues troubled thee?" inquired Moses; "if so, tell me, I pray." And Bathia answered, "No." "Thou art also," continued Moses, "the first born of thy mother, and yet thou art here alive and well before me. Be comforted, not the slightest harm shall come to thee."

And Bathia answered:

"Such comfort cannot profit me, when I see this great misfortune bearing down the king my brother, his servants, and his house."

"They would not hearken to the voice of God," answered Moses, "and therefore is this punishment meted to them."

MOSES' SLOW SPEECH. (420)

Exod. 4: 10.

When Moses was three years old Pharaoh took him on his lap, and Moses took the king's crown and placed it on his own head. The counsellors said he should be put to death.

The king replied:

"We will call our judges together, and if they deem the child deserving of death he shall be executed."

When the judges and wise men assembled according to the order of the king, Jithro, the priest of Midian, came with them. The king related the child's action and the advice which Bi'lam had given him, requesting their opinions on the same.

Then said Jithro, desirous to preserve the child's life:

"If it be pleasing to the king, let two plates be placed before the child, one containing fire, the other gold. If the child stretches forth his hand to grasp the gold, we will know him to be an understanding being, and consider that he acted towards thee knowingly, deserving death. But if he grasps the fire, let his life be spared."

This advice met with the king's approval, and two plates, one containing gold, the other fire, were placed before the infant Moses. The child put forth his hand, and grasping the fire put it to his mouth, burning his tongue, and becoming thereafter "heavy of mouth and heavy of tongue," as mentioned in the Bible. Through this childish action the life of Moses was saved.

Moses grew up, a handsome lad, in the palace of the king; he dressed royally, was honored by the people, and seemed in all things of royal lineage.

ESAU'S CRIME. (421)

Gen. 25: 29.

And it came to pass that Esau went hunting in the field upon a certain day, when Nimrod, too, was engaged in the same pursuit. Both being mighty hunters a rivalry existed between the two, a deadly jealousy. Esau happened to see Nimrod when all his attendants, save two men, had left him. Esau concealed himself, and when Nimrod passed the place where he was hiding pointed his arrow, pulled the cord, and shot Nimrod through the heart. Then rushing from his concealment, Esau engaged in a deadly struggle with Nimrod's two attendants, and overcame and killed them both. Then stripping from Nimrod's shoulders the wonderful coat which God had made for Adam, Esau hastened home, reaching his father's tent weary, hungry, tired, and faint. Then Esau said to Jacob, his brother:

"Give me of yonder red pottage,—let me eat of it, I pray, for I am faint."

And Jacob said:

"Sell me this day thy right of first born."

And Esau thought in his heart, "They will surely avenge upon me the death of Nimrod," and he answered:

"Behold, I am going to die. What can the right of first born profit me?"

So Jacob bought from Esau his right of first born, and also a burial plot for himself in the cave of Machpelah.

Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentils, and Esau eat and drank and went his way.

For money did Jacob purchase these rights,

and after the bargain was concluded, he gave his brother the food he had asked for.

The body of Nimrod was found and brought to Babel and buried there. And Nimrod lived two hundred and fifteen years, and was killed by a descendant of Abraham, even as he had foreseen in his dream.

ABRAM'S WISDOM. (422)

Gen. 12: 1.

From his earliest childhood Abram was a lover of the Lord. God granted him a wise heart ready to comprehend and understand the majesty of the Eternal, and able to despise the vanity of idolatry.

When quite a child, beholding the brilliant splendor of the noonday sun and the reflected glory which it cast upon all objects around, he said, "Surely this brilliant light must be a god, to him will I render worship." And he worshipped the sun and prayed to it. But as the day lengthened the sun's brightness faded, the radiance which it cast upon the earth was lost in the lowering clouds of night, and as the twilight deepened the youth ceased his supplications, saying, "No, this cannot be a god. Where then can I find the Creator, He who made the heavens and the earth?" He looked towards the west, the south, the north, and to the east. The sun disappeared from his view, nature became enveloped in the pall of a past day. Then the moon rose, and when Abram saw it shining in the heavens surrounded by its myriads of stars, he said, "Perhaps these are the gods who have created all things," and he uttered prayers to them. But when the morning dawned and the stars paled, and the moon faded into silvery whiteness and was lost in the returning glory of the sun, Abram knew God, and said, "There is a higher power, a Supreme Being, and these luminaries are but His servants, the work of His hands." From that day, even until the day of his death, Abram knew the Lord and walked in all His ways.

ABRAM AND HIS FATHER'S IDOLS.

Isa. 41: 8; John 8: 31-56. (423)

Therach said to Abram:

"My son, the creator of all things is here with us in the house."

Then said Abram:

"Show him to me, my father."

And Therach led Abram into an inner apartment, and pointing to the twelve large idols and the many smaller ones around, he said:

"These are the gods who created the heavens and the earth, thee, me, and all the people of the world."

Abram then sought his mother, saying:

"My mother, behold, my father has shown to me the gods who have created the earth and all that it contains, therefore, prepare for me, I pray thee, a kid for a sacrifice, that the gods of my father may partake of the same and receive it favorably."

Abram's mother did as her son had requested her, and Abram placed the food which she prepared before the idols, but none stretched forth a hand to eat.

Then Abram jested, and said, "Perchance 'tis not exactly to their taste, or mayhap the quantity appears stinted. I will prepare a larger offering, and strive to make it still more savoury."

Next day Abram requested his mother to prepare two kids and with her greatest skill, and placing them before the idols he watched with the same result as on the previous day.

Then Abram exclaimed:

"Woe to my father and to this evil generation; woe to those who incline their hearts to vanity and worship senseless images without the power to smell or eat, to see or hear. Mouths they have, but sounds they cannot utter; eyes they have, but lack all power to see; they have ears that cannot hear, hands that cannot move, and feet that cannot walk. Senseless as they are the men who wrought them, senseless all who trust in them and bow before them."

And seizing an iron implement, he destroyed and broke with it all the images save one, into the hands of which he placed the iron which he had used.

The noise of this proceeding reached the ears of Therach, who hurried to the apartment, where he found the broken idols and the food which Abram had placed before them. In wrath and indignation he cried out unto his son, saying:

"What is this that thou hast done unto my gods?"

And Abram answered:

"I brought them savoury food, and behold they all grasped for it with eagerness at the same time, all save the largest one, who, annoyed and displeased with their greed, seized that iron which he holds and destroyed them."

"False are thy words," answered Therach in anger. "Had these images the breath of life, that they could move and act as thou hast spoken? Did I not fashion them with my own hands? How, then, could the larger destroy the smaller ones?"

"Then why serve senseless, powerless gods?" replied Abram, "gods who can neither help thee in thy need nor hear thy supplications? Evil is it of thee and those who unite with thee to serve images of stone and wood, forgetting the Lord God who made the heaven and the earth and all that is therein. Ye bring guilt upon your souls, the same guilt for which your ancestors were punished by the waters of the flood. Cease, oh, my father, to serve such gods, lest evil fall upon thy soul and the souls of all thy family."

A FREE TRIP TO PALESTINE.

One of our three trips to Palestine may be easily secured. Send for coupons and particulars. See page 475.

Once in a Methodist meeting the leader cried out, "Oh, don't you long to be in heaven, brother?" A very unexpected but a very sensible answer came from a man in the audience: "No, I don't. I don't want to be where I am not wanted. When God wants me, He will send for me."

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE CLASSICS.

By George MacAdam, D. D.

THE GREAT REWARD. (424)

Luke 12: 32; 2 Tim. 2: 12; Rev. 2: 10.

Bacchus had a surname, Euius, which was given him by Zeus for the aid he rendered when the former was fighting to keep the giants out of Olympus. It means "Well done, son," and was the cry of Zeus when he witnessed the valor of Bacchus, and was given him as the supreme reward for his good conduct. And, after all, what better reward is there for the toil and endeavor of life than the attestation of God and the assurance of our own heart that we have "well done." No gift of things, no mere emolument, no wages paid can ever completely reward a true man; these are only incidental to the effort which one puts forth to win the approval of God and conscience. There cometh a time when the wreath shall fade, the wages be all squandered, the gold rusted and useless, and when the richest reward Omnipotence can hand us, and love can bestow, is, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

THE COMMON PEOPLE. (425)

Acts 15: 14; Isa. 51: 22.

Ulysses never more clearly deserved the appellation given him of "The Wise," than when, upon his return in the guise of a beggar from his long wanderings, he made first for the home of one of his commonest subjects, the swineherd Eumaeus, instead of announcing himself to some of his nobles. Here he found a sincere welcome and a faithful companion in the events which ended in the expulsion of the riotous princes from his realm.

Some one has called the common people "the slag of our smelting fires of civilization," but added, "yet one cannot but feel that they might as richly repay a second visitation for ore as the dross of ancient mines." It is certainly true that from the great ranks of the common people do we gather the nuggets of character for every circle, every walk and every profession of life. But this evinces, not that the rest are mere slag but the great richness of the formation which can yield such specimens. For faithfulness, industry, morality and the virtues which mean civilization we look to the common people. And concerning them no higher word has been spoken—not even that this or that statesman or hero came from them—than that they appreciated Jesus Christ and that "the common people heard Him gladly."

JESUS OUR REFUGE FROM SIN (426)

Isa. 45: 21, 22; Acts 4: 12.

More ancient than any of the Olympian gods was the conception of the Erinyes or Furiae, divinities who hunted down the wrong doer. They were not subject even to the rule of Zeus, and when once upon the track of a sin, no sacrifice nor prayers nor tears could move them. They inhabit Erebus, where they rest until judgment is pronounced upon some criminal, when they are called to life and activity, and relentlessly pursue until they have wrought punishment. How fearfully they represent sin. Slumbering and resting, perhaps in the thought only or in some latent force, we little dream of its awfulness, but the moment the thought takes life in an action and sin is conceived in a deed, then springs to activity a sleuth-hound which shall run us down until justice is done, which seems scarce subject to even the will of God Himself. "Be sure your sin will find you out," is a fundamental fact in the very constitution of things. There is but one promise of rescue, one refuge, one person who will stand between us and the pursuing Erinyes, and that is Jesus Christ. "There is now therefore no condemnation unto them which are in Christ Jesus."

POWER OF MUSIC. (427)

1 Sam. 16: 14; Rev. 5: 8.

When Arion, famed for his music, and who had entered into a musical contest in Sicily was returning home with the valuable prizes he had won, the seamen on the vessel conspired to take his life and possess themselves of his treasure. He asked as a last request that he might be allowed to die as became a bard, clothed in his minstrel garb and singing his death-song to the accompaniment of his harp. This was granted him. But as he sang and played, the music drew about the ship some dolphins, and when he sprang into the sea one of them received him upon its broad back and bore him safely to land. Of this legend and of the power of music Spencer wrote:

"Then was heard a most celestial sound
Of dainty music which did next ensue.
And, on the floating waters as enthroned,
Arion with his harp unto him drew
The ears and hearts of all that goodly crew;
Even when as yet the dolphin which him bore
Through the Aegean Seas from pirate's view,
Stood still, by him astonished at his lore,
And all the raging seas for joy forgot to roar."

THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE. (428)

John 17: 3; Eph. 3: 18; 2 Pet. 1: 5.

Euclides was a native of Megara, the founder of the Megaric sect of philosophy. While a student of Parmenides he heard of Socrates and determined to become his follower, and removed from Megara to Athens. But while he was there an enmity arose between the two cities, and a decree was passed that any inhabitant of his city found in Athens should forfeit his life. So he removed about twenty miles from there, but at night-time he would travel that distance, concealed in a long female cloak and veil, to visit his master. He furnishes a splendid illustration of the truth of Samuel Johnson's saying, "A desire of knowledge is a natural feeling of mankind; and every human

being whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge." And this is especially true of that highest of all knowledges, that end of all knowledge, and of which the Scripture says: "If thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures: Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord and find the knowledge of God."

ANGER SUBDUED BY LOVE. (429)

Rom. 8: 28; John 13: 34; 1 Tim. 1: 5.

A young man inquired of his pastor, "Do you think it would be wrong for me to learn the noble art of self-defense? "Certainly not," was the reply, "I learned it in youth myself, and have found it of great value in life." "Indeed, sir! What system did you learn?" "I learned Solomon's system, laid down in the first verse of the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs: 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' It is the best system of self-defense of which I have ever heard." And out of the dim, misty past comes an example which we of modern times may remember. Euclid, the founder of the Megaric sect of philosophy, was one day reproached by his brother for a fancied affront, and who in great anger finally said: "Let me perish if I be not avenged on you." And to this Euclid made noble reply, "And let me perish, if I do not subdue your resentment by forbearance, and make you love me as much as ever."

VARIED FORMS OF EVIL. (430)

Eph. 5: 11; Amos 5: 12; Heb. 3: 13.

Hercules and Achelous were contestants for the hand of Dejanira, and came to battle over her. Their struggle came to a wrestle, in which after a time Hercules threw Achelous, and seizing him by the throat pressed his head into the dust. Then would the river god have been slain, but he invoked his power of transformation and became a serpent. The hero again attacked him, and he was forced to another change, and became a bull. But through all these transformations Hercules pursued him, until at last he conquered.

It is an illustration of that facility of vice and evil for escaping when attacked, and for changing form, its essence ever the same. No sooner is one iniquity seemingly conquered than it in some other form appears, and only the patience, persistency and courage of a Hercules, with divine assistance, too, can ever finally subdue it, either in the individual or in our national life.

CHRIST OUR SUBSTITUTE. (431)

1 Tim. 2: 5; Heb. 9: 15; Matt. 26: 31.

Admetus the lover of Alcestis, while rejoicing in the coming nuptials was taken ill and given up to die. But Apollo prevailed upon the Fates to spare him, on condition that some one would consent to die in his stead. Admetus greatly rejoiced at the reprieve, little thinking that among all his friends and courtiers and warriors it would be difficult to find the substitute. But when the endeavor was made there were none who would offer themselves. His warriors, who would have died for him on field of battle, would not lie down upon a sick bed and die for him. At last, since there was none other, Alcestis offered herself and the Fates consented, but when Death came to claim her, Hercules, who lay in wait for him, forced him to give her up.

So for us, in all the universe, there was but One who would become our substitute, and take upon Himself our sin and death, and He was the lover of our soul. "He tasted death for every man."

FILIAL LOVE. (432)

Heb. 12: 9; Eph. 6: 1.

Among the figures of Grecian mythology Antigone was the representative of filial devotion. She was the daughter of Oedipus, who had been devoted by Fate to certain destruction, and who, in his madness, had torn out his own eyes, was driven from his kingdom of Thebes, and was outcast and abandoned of all men, as the object of divine vengeance. Of all his friends and subjects only one was faithful to him, and that was Antigone, who shared his wanderings, caring ever for him, braving the contumely of all men, risking the hatred of the gods, and remaining with him until he died. Her character has been compared with that of Cordelia in King Lear, and forms the subject of two of the fine tragedies of Sophocles. The following, from one of them, is the pathetic lament over her father, as death came to him:

"Alas, I only wish I might have died
With my poor father;
Wherefore should I ask
For longer life?
Oh, I was fond of misery with him;
E'en what was most unlovely grew beloved
When he was with me. Oh, my dearest father,
Beneath the earth now in darkness hid,
Worn as thou wert with age, to me thou still
Wast dear, and to me shall be ever."

OUR IMMORTALITY. (433)

Rom. 2: 7; 1 Cor. 15: 53.

The death of Hercules, who was the son of Jupiter and Alcmena, very greatly distressed the gods upon Olympus, but Bullfinch causes Jupiter to reply to their concern as follows:

"Fear not. He who conquered all else is not to be conquered by those flames which you see blazing on Mount Oeta. Only his mother's share in him can perish; what he derived from me is immortal. I shall take him, dead to earth, to the heavenly shores. So when the flames had consumed the mortal share of Hercules, the diviner part seemed to start forth with new vigor to assume a more lofty port and a more awful dignity."

This can be truly said of every one who wills it. As "Sons of God," born into His family, there is a divine part of us which death cannot destroy. The decay of the mortal shall witness a rejuvenescence of our life as the immortal springs to power and strength, and is borne to those "heavenly shores" which

are its habitation. "So when this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

NEGLECT OF AGE. (434)

Exod. 20: 12; Heb. 12: 9.

There is, perhaps, among the myths no sadder picture than that of the death of Aegeus, caused by the neglect of his son Theseus. The young man had determined to deliver the kingdom of his father from the tribute of seven youths and seven maidens to be paid every year to King Minos, and to be devoured by the Minotaur in the labyrinth. So he volunteered, in spite of the entreaties of his father, to become one of the youths, hoping for an opportunity of slaying the monster. The arrangement was made, however, with the father, that if he was successful and was returning with his life, the black sails which the ship carried should be exchanged for white ones. Theseus slew the Minotaur, and Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, became his wife and fled with him. But they were so selfishly intent upon their own happiness that they forgot the old man who every day sat on the cliffs above Athens, hoping to see the white ship in the offing, and they neglected to change the black sails for the white. And so, when he saw the black sails, he fell over the cliff into the sea.

Youth is too often careless of age, and so greatly intent upon its own pleasures that it forgets the ones who many times could cry with Hood:

"When he is forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die."

Let us cultivate a care for those to whom the good God says: "And even to your old age, I am he; and even to hoary hairs will I carry you; even I will carry, and will deliver you."

PRESENCE OF DEPARTED HEROES. (435)

Heb. 1: 7-14; Luke 16: 22; 1 Kings 19: 5

There was among the Greeks the tradition that at the battle of Marathon, Theseus appeared, strengthening and encouraging his countrymen. Mrs. Hemans, in her "Shade of Theseus," says:

"His sword was seen to flash
Where the boldest deeds were done;
But it smote without a clash,
The stroke was heard by none!
His voice was not of those
That swelled the rolling blast,
And his steps fell hushed like snows—
'Twas the shade of Theseus passed."

Perhaps far profounder than we know is the interest of those who have gone before in our battles and contests. Was not that list of "The Heroes of Faith" which Paul saw an inspiration to him, and was not their evident interest in our life that which impelled him to say to us, "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race which is set before us"?

RASH PRAYERS. (436)

Jas. 4: 3; Mal. 1: 7-9; Luke 18: 11.

Juno was deeply angered with Semele, the mother of Bacchus, and seeking her destruction, she persuaded her to ask of Jove to grant her a favor and then request that he show her his glory. Semele, who was in great favor with the "Father of gods," plead with him that he grant her whatever favor she should ask, and he yielded. Then she made known her desire that he come before her arrayed in all his splendors, such as he wore in heaven. Jove endeavored to stop her as she spake, but she was too quick for him, and he could not retract his promise nor deny her request. So he clothed himself in his splendors, not putting on all, as he did when he overthrew the giants, but what was known as his lesser panoply, and thus he came before the rash woman. Her mortal frame could not endure the immortal radiance and she was consumed to ashes. Mrs. Browning says:

"God answers sharp and sudden on some prayers,
And thrusts the thing we have prayed for in our face,
A gauntlet with a gift in't. Every wish
Is like a prayer—with God."

THE PRESENCE OF GOD. (437)

John 14: 21; 1 John 1: 3.

There is an indescribable charm in that trait of the old pagans by which they peopled the forest and mountain and plain with the loved forms of their many deities, and to whose agency were ascribed the phenomena which our philosophy explains by the term "laws of nature." It is a question if their imagination by which they saw a god or goddess everywhere be not better than the conditions to which we seem fast coming, when God is not seen anywhere. Wordsworth has expressed this sentiment:

"Great God, I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn.
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have glimpses of Proteus rising from the sea,
And hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

[Note—See page 454 for announcement of a book by Mr. MacAdams, "Illustrations from the Classics."]

ENCLOSE A COUPON IN EVERY LETTER

and you may easily be one of three men the Current Anecdotes sends to Palestine on the 1904 Cook Cruise, at our expense. See page 475.

MEMORIAL DAY ILLUSTRATIONS.

BRAVE TO DO RIGHT. (439)

1 Tim. 6: 12; Heb. 10: 32.

As the battle of the Wilderness was coming on, a young recruit was detailed to guard the baggage, but begged to go into the battle with his comrades. "You are unwise," said a friend; "we are going to have a fearful fight, and you had better keep out of it." He replied: "I know that perfectly well, and choose to take my chance with the rest of the boys." Severely wounded, he died two weeks later. In his diary were found six resolutions, written May 1, 1864, when so near his end. Of these, the fifth was, "I will be brave on the battle field," and the sixth, "I will be brave in refusing to do evil." Of the two, the latter required the strongest will, the most steadfast courage. It doubtless referred to actual temptations of army life. These were many and fierce, as all soldiers can testify. Brave, indeed, was the young patriot in the fiery trial of that awful day in the Wilderness; but braver far was he in setting his face against the impurity, profanity and godlessness of the camp, fighting his own private moral battle hour by hour, with, it may be, none but God to see and help. God did watch and aid, and give him the double victory.

MORAL HEROISM. (440)

Prov. 11: 13; Rev. 2: 10.

A touching incident was told some years ago by a Salvation Army officer whose father had been a general in the Spanish army, illustrative of Cuban fidelity and daring. Two boys, children of the insurgents, had been captured by the Spanish soldiers. Taken before the general, they were pressed in every conceivable manner to reveal the hiding place of the enemy. When neither offers of rewards nor threats of punishment influenced them, the general ordered the elder boy to be taken away to a distance and shot, while the other remained with him. A few moments later a volley was heard. "Now you know what has happened to your brother for his obstinacy," said the officer severely. "The same fate will await you, unless you reveal the whereabouts of the enemy." But it was in vain. The eyes of the child were bandaged and a volley was fired over him into the air, as had been the case with his brother. But neither would reveal the secret. Admiring their constancy, the Spanish leader spared their lives.

Failing to reduce the insurgents in any other way, it is said that the Spaniards finally decided to bribe their leaders to betray the cause and thus disrupt their forces. But not only were the overtures rejected with scorn, but those who were sent to make the offer were tried by court martial and sentenced to be shot.

Your soul is in similar peril. If all else fails, the devil will seek to bribe you from your allegiance to the Cross of Calvary by some tempting offer! Alas, how many has he sidetracked in this way!

"PATRIOT" IN A BATTLE. (441)

Before the battle of Bull Run, "On to Richmond" and "No compromise" had become the well-worn war cries in Congress. On the eve of the battle several of the senators and representatives went down from Washington to see the rebels run. When the rebels began to run after the panic-stricken Union army, the valiant congressmen ran in advance for the Capitol. One of them, arrayed in a linen coat, corpulent and perspiring, glancing backward, saw a Zouave coming and mistook him for a Confederate. Suddenly he tripped on a root and fell headlong. The Zouave fell on top of him. Unable to look round, but believing himself in the hands of the enemy, he shouted, "My friend, can't this thing be compromised somehow?" During the excitement previous to a possible war, let each man who talks war be compelled to enlist.

AMERICA A REFUGE. (442)

Isa. 24: 23; Isa. 11: 11.

A most significant act is the request of the negro republic of Liberia for the protecting influence of the United States. It was inevitable that endangered republics the world over should appeal to the greatest of republics for a defending aegis. Uncle Sam is in a position to be fosterfather to a large number of the world's dark-skinned children. That is one of the obligations of greatness. The blood of democracy is thicker than water—even than salt water.

REMEMBRANCE. (443)

Prov. 10: 7.

Memorial Day will ever be a good day to recount the national mercies of the past; to remember the heroic figures that give to our republic the best evidence of the fruitfulness of democracy; to recall Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Lincoln, Grant and a great crowd of other splendid witnesses to the power of national life in its noblest incarnations.

TWO BUNCHES OF ROSES. (444)

Matt. 5: 24.

It was just a bunch of white roses, but the ribbons that tied it together told its history—one was blue and the other was gray. It was to be placed on the grave of a boy who had fought for what he believed was right, and the gentle woman who was to put it there believed that all animosity had passed by and the blue and the gray might be firm friends. So the bunch she carried for her own boy's grave was tied up in this way, and in her hand was another one tied the same. It was to be laid upon the grave of the stranger. That stranger, whose name was even unknown to her, had died fighting like a brave man, and therefore deserved to be remembered and to have tribute shown to his courage.—New York Press.

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST. (445)

Eph. 6: 4.

An old Confederate officer tells an interesting story of the civil war. Lincoln was urged from the beginning of the war to take Richmond; but talking of taking Richmond and taking Richmond were two different matters. General Scott, who was not retired until after several futile attempts had been made to take Richmond, was summoned before the President. "General Scott," said Mr. Lincoln, "will you explain why it was you were able to take the city of Mexico in three months with 5,000 men, and have been unable to take Richmond in six months with 100,000 men?" "Yes, sir, I will, Mr. President," replied General Scott. "The men who took me into the city of Mexico are the same men who are keeping me out of Richmond now." Just now we are very proud of the American soldier; and if we can bring all these soldierly qualities into consecration to Jesus Christ, the Christian army of America can lead the hosts for the capture of the world for our Master.

THE LAND OF CHRIST. (446)

Isa. 60: 22.

State, or nation,—to which was due the citizen's supremest loyalty? This question, mooted for ninety years, was by force of arms forever settled by the Civil War. It was a necessary but tremendous price to pay for true national unity, but with the grand possibilities of world-wide influence lying before us as a truly Christian nation, who can doubt that this unity is a God-appointed destiny? Let us each, young and old, by life and influence, by action and ballot, do our part to make this land the land of Christ. Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.—J. L. Howe, Washington and Lee University.

MERCIFUL AND BRAVE. (447)

1 Sam. 24: 10.

A Union soldier passing among the wounded at Gettysbury, said to a Confederate officer, who appeared to suffer much, "Colonel, can I do anything for you?" "No!" was his defiant reply. Again and again was the offer repeated during the few hours that followed, but each time with like result. The air became sickening from the heat and wounds. The Northerner approached the Confederate again and said, "Can't I put some cologne on your handkerchief?" "I have none," the Confederate replied gruffly. "Well, you shall have mine," said the other, wetting his own and giving it to him. This subdued the rebel, who brushed away the tears as he said, "I can't understand you Yankees; you fight us like the very devil, and then treat us like angels." From that moment the two became fast friends. Let the North ever thus treat the South, and soon, very soon, we shall have one heart as a nation, and a firmly knitted North and South that can defy the world, if need be.

THE COMMANDER'S PURPOSE. (448)

Rom. 11: 33; Ps. 36: 6.

A capital illustration of the sublime impudence of the presumption or even endeavor on our part to "find out God" is contained in the following anecdote:

On a dark and stormy night during the war—so the story runs—General Lee gave command to strike tent and march. One of the negro men in attendance on the officers was grumbling about it, and said he couldn't see why General Lee had roused them up out of their beds to march them through the mud on such a night. "No, I reckon you don't see," replied another darkey, very loyal to the great General, "If one of General Lee's thoughts was to get into your head, it would bust it wide open!"

HIS SUBSTITUTE. (449)

1 Pet. 2: 24; Eph. 2: 13-18.

At the Soldiers' Cemetery in Nashville, Tenn., a stranger was seen planting a flower upon a grave. He was asked: "Was your son buried here?" "No." "Your brother?" "No." "Any relative?" "No." Then the stranger laid down a small board which was in his hand, and said: "When the war broke out I lived in Illinois. I wanted to enlist, but I was poor. I had a wife and seven children. I was drafted, and had no money to hire a substitute. I made up my mind to go. I was ready to start, when a young man came to me and said: 'You have a large family, which your wife cannot take care of. I will go for you.' He did go for me, and at the battle of Chickamauga he was wounded and taken to Nashville. He died there. I have always wished to come and see his grave. I have saved all my spare money, and have here found my dear friend's grave." He then took the head board, fixed it in the ground at the head of the grave, bearing the soldier's name. Underneath were the words, "He died for me."

VAIN HOPE. (450)

1 Cor. 15: 19.

During the war a boy in Pennsylvania was condemned to death. The boy expected to be pardoned and was resting upon that hope. The papers were full of statements that Governor Curtin would pardon the boy. One day Governor Curtin met Mr. George H. Stuart, the noted philanthropist, on the street, and said, "Stuart, you know this boy who is sentenced to death. He is entertaining a hope that I am going to pardon him, and I can't do it. Now, go and tell him." Mr. Stuart afterward told me that it was the hardest duty he had ever performed, but it was an act of mercy. When he entered the cell the prisoner rushed to him and cried, "Mr. Stuart, you are a good man, I know you bring me a pardon." Mr. Stuart knew not what to answer, but he summoned courage and told the boy the truth. The boy fell in a faint at Mr. Stuart's feet when he found

his false hope taken away, but it prepared the way to tell him where alone a true and lasting hope might be found.—D. L. Moody.

HOW TO CONQUER. (451)

1 John 5: 4.

In the days of knightly chivalry it was supposed to be enough for the true soldier of the cross to make the sacred sign upon his person; and instantly the foul spirits that had gathered in the murky gloom to do him harm, fell back and let him through. It was not all legend and myth. But there is a truth beneath the mediæval setting. And that truth is ours today—that the best resource for the hardly-beset soldier of Jesus is to appeal, not to the cross, but to Him who on that cross bruised the serpent's head, not for Himself only, but for us.—F. B. Meyer.

GOOD NEWS IN LIBBY PRISON. (452)

John 1: 14; Hab. 2: 14.

About noon of July 6, 1863, a Richmond paper smuggled inside Libby prison by a faithful negro friend confirmed the Union prisoners' worst fears. In startling headlines they read, "Meade Defeated at Gettysburg," "The Northern Army Fleeing to the Mountains," "Grant Repulsed at Vicksburg," "The Campaign Closed In Disaster."

The depression caused by this was awful. The poor, emaciated fellows broke down and cried like babies. They lost all hope, and one of them has said since, "There was not left in us strength enough to curse God and die." While in this condition a later edition of the same paper was brought in by the same negro. Chaplain McCabe got the paper, and, having a stronger voice than the others, was delegated to read them the later returns. He began at the headlines:

"Grant Has Captured Vicksburg and Taken 30,000 Prisoners."

"Meade Defeated Lee at Gettysburg, Taking 14,000 Prisoners."

The revulsion of feeling was almost too great to endure. The boys went crazy with joy. They saw the beginning of the end. Chaplain McCabe sprang up on a box and struck up:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword.
His truth is marching on.

The way in which the 500 men joined in on the chorus of "Glory, glory, glory, halleluiah!" gave evidence that there was lots of life left in them yet. That day and that song made Julia Ward Howe famous.

"I WAS THERE." (453)

2 Tim. 4: 7.

A passenger was examining the station chart of the boat crews on the White Star line steamer Atlantic. She says:

Suddenly a sailor, who had been working near, stood by my side, and, with pointing finger on the chart, he said, "That is my mess! Here is my name! Right out before you is my lifeboat!" "Ah!" said I, with small interest in the matter, "and what do you do in case of danger?" With great pride, he elaborately explained exactly what his position of duty would be. "But," questioned I, "suppose you should not be there?" Never shall I forget his look of righteous indignation as he squarely faced me, and almost shouted, "What, madam. Danger, and every sailor not at his post! I'd be there, madam!" And, as if the very presence of such a traitorous doubter contaminated him, he shouldered his kit of tools and marched away.

Several days later, as I passed him, he looked up, and, recognizing me with something very like contempt, he touched his cap with sailor salute, and, standing stiff and straight, said tersely: "I'd be there, madam!" and moved on. The following day, happening on deck at the same hour, the same scene was repeated.

But there came a day when we were caught in the teeth of a West India hurricane. Tied to a post, I watched for a short time the sea in such a fury as I had never seen it, but was forced to get below again as best I could. Two sturdy sailors were knocked down by the terrific wind, and carried to their hammocks with broken limbs. As in my berth I seemed tossed up to the skies, then down to lowermost depths, I wondered where "my sailor," as I had grown to call him, was.

The storm did not, like Paul's Euroclydon, last fourteen days and nights. Scarce twenty-four hours after, the deceitful sea was as calm as an inland lake. It was the Sabbath, and at noon the muster-roll of the crew was called. Dressed in clean clothing, erect and motionless, stood the long array. Slowly we walked along the ranks looking for "my man." Sure enough, there he stood! But discipline was strict, and only the twinkling eyes showed any signs of recognition. Presently the boatswain's whistle sounded dismissal, and instantly my friend made as straight line as he could through the thronging passengers, and stood before me. The hardened hand touched the cap with the same gesture. He simply said, "I was there, madam!" and disappeared. —S. S. Times.

A CUP OF WATER. (454)

Matt. 25: 35.

A Southerner told the following story at a reunion:

"It was a hot July day in 1864, and General Grant was after us. Our men had hurriedly dug rifle-pits to protect themselves from the Federal sharpshooters, and dead and dying Feds were lying up to the very edge of those pits.

"In one of the pits was an ungainly, raw, red-headed boy. He was a retiring lad, green as grass, but a reliable fighter. He had just joined the regiment, and was not yet callous to suffering. At last, with tears flooding his grimy face, he cried out:

"'I can't stand it no longer, boys! I'm goin' to take that poor feller my canteen.'

"For answer to this foolhardy speech, one

of us stuck a cap on a ramrod and hoisted it above the pit. Instantly it was pierced by a dozen bullets.

"But the tender-hearted boy could stand the appeal no longer. He gave a desperate leap over the embankment, and once on the other side, threw himself flat upon the ground and crawled toward his dying foe. He could not get close to him because of the terrible fire, but he broke a sumac bush, tied to the stick his precious canteen, and landed it in the sufferer's trembling hands.

"You never heard such gratitude in your life. Perhaps there was never any like it before. The officer was for tying his gold watch on the stick and sending it back as a slight return for the disinterested act. But this the boy would not allow. He only smiled happily, and returned as he had gone, crawling amid a hailstorm of bullets. When he reached the edge of the pit he called out to his comrades to clear the way for him, and with a mighty leap he was among us once more. He was not even scratched.

"He took our congratulations calmly. We said it was the bravest deed we had seen during the war. He did not answer. His eyes had a soft, musing look.

"'How could you do it?' I asked in a whisper later, when the crack of the rifles ceased for a moment.

"'It was something I thought of,' he said, simply. 'Something my mother used to say to me.' "I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink," she said. She read it to me out of the Bible, and she taught it to me until I never could forget it. When I heard that man crying for water I remembered it. The words stood still in my head. I couldn't get rid of 'em. So I thought they meant me—and I went. That's all.'

"This was the reason why the boy was ready to sacrifice his life for an enemy. And it was reason enough," added the soldier, with a quavering voice.—Youth's Companion.

FOOLHARDINESS.

Num. 14: 42. (455)

Lord Macaulay tells us that at the siege of Naumur, while the conflict was raging, William, Prince of Orange, who was giving his orders under a shower of bullets, saw with surprise and anger among his staff officers Michael Godfrey, the deputy governor of the Bank of England. He had come to the king's headquarters on business, and was curious to see real war. "Mr. Godfrey," said King William, "you ought not to run these hazards. You are not a soldier; you can be of no use to us here." "Sir," answered Godfrey, "I run no more risk than your majesty." "Not so," said William. "I am where it is my duty to be, and I may without presumption commit my life to God's keeping; but you——" Before the sentence was finished a cannonball laid Godfrey dead at the king's feet. The king's words were true, and the truth is just as applicable to temptations and spiritual dangers as to the perils of war. When duty calls us into any place, we are safe. God will protect us; but otherwise we venture without any promise of shelter. We must face danger only when God and duty unmistakably lead.—J. R. Miller.

LOVE STRONGER THAN PAIN.

1 Cor. 13: 8, 13. (456)

When a young man, Lord Raglan was riding from the terrible field of Waterloo, when his elbow was shot by a stray shot. Refusing to dismount, he rode into the village of Waterloo. Here he was taken into a room where two wounded officers already lay. One of these, the Prince of Orange, afterwards said that not a word or a groan told of the arrival of the new patient, and that he had no idea Lord Raglan was present till he suddenly heard him call out in his usual tones: "Hallo! Don't carry away that arm until I have taken off my ring." The ring was the gift of his wife, and, even in the midst of his sufferings, Lord Raglan was unwilling to part with it. But all the pain of his wound, and of the amputation that removed his arm, had been patiently borne in silence. So our love for God should be so great that it should move us as nothing else.

SOJOURNER TRUTH'S PRAYER.

Heb. 4: 16; 10: 22. (457)

Some of the older readers may remember Sojourner Truth—the colored woman who so sternly rebuked Frederick Douglass at an antislavery meeting in the fifties. The eloquent ex-slave had said that every legal and peaceable effort for abolishing slavery had failed, that the patience and hope of the friends of the oppressed were exhausted, and nothing now remained but "the retribution of blood." A thrill of sympathy, and yet of horror, passed through the audience. But directly in front of the platform rose a tall, gaunt figure, black as night; a bony finger was shaken at the speaker, and a voice as thrilling as his own cried, "Frederick, is God dead?" The pious negress had faith. And in a few years the world learned that she was right, and that Douglass was wrong. And now about her prayer. Dr. J. P. Thompson reports it as follows:

"Her child had been stolen and sold into slavery, and she knew only in a vague way that she must seek redress at the courthouse, and that for this money was needed. She thought within herself, 'God has money,' and she made her application directly to Him. In her own graphic and pathetic story: 'I didn't rightly know which way to turn; but I went to the Lord, and I said, "O Lord, if I was as rich as You are, and You was as poor as I be, I'd help You. You know I would; and, O, do help me!" I felt sure then that He would help me, and He did.'"

The noteworthy words in that prayer are these: "I'd help You. You know I would." The humble petitioner was sure that she loved God and was trying to serve Him, and God knew it. She appealed to His knowledge. Poor, ignorant, despised, she was doing what she could to show her gratitude and love. Here was the basis for a childlike faith. Can we all appeal to God as the pious negress

did? He wants us to help Him in saving the world for which His Son died. Are we doing all that we can for it and for Him?—Herald and Presbyter.

LINCOLN'S VOW. (458)

When Lincoln was a young man, he brought a cargo of produce down the Mississippi to New Orleans. There he witnessed a slave auction. The trade in human lives was exhibited in all its awful iniquity that day. Husbands were torn from wives and mothers from children. The rail splitter was greatly aroused, and he declared, "I call the Eternal God to witness, that if I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I will hit it hard." That was Lincoln's vision and the hour of his prayer, "Here am I; send me."—Sunday School Journal.

A NEW NAME FOR A ROSE.
Rev. 3: 12. (459)

There is a pretty story told about the naming of the Marechal Neil rose. When the famous General Neil of the Franco-Austrian war, returning from the scene of his many victories, passed thro a certain small town, one of the peasant women of the place presented to him a basket of beautiful yellow roses. One of the beautiful flowers still clung to a portion of the root, and Neil, enamored of the flower, transplanted it to his garden in Paris. It thrived in its new soil, and when a large bush, covered with blossoms, he presented it as a gift to the Empress Eugenie. She was greatly pleased with the flower, and on inquiry found it had no name. She smiled at the general significantly and said, "Then I will be the one to give it a name," and added graciously, "I will christen it the 'Marechal Neil,'" and at the same moment she bestowed upon the man the jewelled emblem which revealed to him his promotion, and gave him the title—Marshal of France. Christians shall have a double honor, a new name in a stone and a crown.—Christian Uplook.

A man who had reformed and kept sober for a year called upon the tavern-keeper who welcomed him back to his old haunt.

"Oh! landlord," said he, as in pain, "I have such a lump on my side."

"That's because you have stopped drinking," said the landlord; "you won't live long if you keep on."

"Will drink take the lump away?"

"Yes; and if you don't drink you'll soon have a lump on the other side. Come, let's drink together;" and he poured out two glasses of whiskey.

"I guess I won't drink," said the former inebriate, "especially if keeping the pledge will bring another lump, for it isn't very hard to bear, after all." And with this he drew the lump—a bag of dollars—from his side pocket, and walked off, leaving the landlord to his reflections.—Selected.

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Condensed Itinerary of Cook's 1903 Cruise.

The 1904 Cruise will be Practically the Same.

Wednesday, Feb. 4, sail from New York.
Thursday, Feb. 12, at Madeira (26 hours.)
Sunday, Feb. 15, at Gibraltar (40 hours); excursion to Granada and the Alhambra.
Wednesday, Feb. 18, at Algiers (34 hours.)
Saturday, Feb. 21, at Malta (10 hours); excursion to Citta Vecchia.
Monday, Feb. 23, at Athens (34 hours.)
Wednesday, Feb. 25, Constantinople (65 hours); excursions to Black Sea, etc.
Sunday, March 1, at Smyrna, for Ephesus (10 hours.)
Tuesday, March 3, arrive at Beyrout. Option of remaining 5 days in Holy Land and 12 in Egypt, or vice versa. Visit Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Bethany, etc. Side trips (optional) to Galilee, Damascus, Dead Sea, Jordan, Jericho, etc.
Monday, March 9 or 16, leave Jaffa for Alexandria, and spend 5 or 12 days, as de-

cided, visiting Cairo, Pyramids, etc., with optional trips on the Nile.

Sunday, March 22, at Alexandria for Naples.

Wednesday, March 25, at Naples (130 hours); visit Pompeii, Rome, etc.

Wednesday, April 1, at Villefranche (41 hours); visit Nice and Monte Carlo.

Tuesday, April 14, at New York.

Optional Side Trip to Galilee.

By Carriage from Haifa to Nazareth, Tiberias and Return.

Cost of excursion, including carriages and all expenses, $28.00.

Wednesday, March 4.—Land at Haifa. (Cook's Office, near Hotel Carmel.) Visits may be made to Mount Carmel, the scene of Elijah's sacrifice, with its famous Monastery and the School of the Prophets.

Thursday, March 5.—Leave by carriage for Nazareth, a pleasant drive, passing by the Heroosheth of the Gentiles and Shiech Braik, the old Roman Caves and cemeteries. At Nazareth visit the Church of the Annunciation, the Holy Grotto, the Workshop of Joseph, etc.

Friday, March 6.—Proceed to Tiberias, on the Lake of Galilee, passing Cana of Galilee and the Mount of Beatitudes. Weather permitting, a sail on the lake will be enjoyed, and an excursion made to Capernaum, etc.

Saturday, March 7.—The morning will be spent in and around Tiberias; in the afternoon return to Nazareth.

This will be the same trip that hundreds paid from $400 to $600 for last year, and if you do not wish to secure one of the three passages by sending out subscription coupons you will find it an advantage if you will let us know that you expect to purchase a passage ticket.

We see no reason for changing our estimate, that these passages will be secured by preachers whose names are on from 50 to 100 coupons. And when we announce the results next January, and you find this to be the case, don't say: "Oh, if I had only known that, I would have entered the contest. I could have easily gotten that number."

A pastor of a little Ohio church, not many smaller, has had the coupons he sent out returned to us by the leading pastor of his denomination in Cleveland, and by the secretary of his state home missionary society.

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MAP OF THE COOK ORIENTAL-PALESTINE CRUISE.

STORIES OF HYMNS.

Suitable for Praise or Song Service, or Announcing Hymns.

The Resurrection was a favorite subject with the majority of ancient hymnists, and as a consequence a large proportion of those hymns which we are accustomed to sing on Easter Day have come to us from the Latin. Foremost among these is "Jesus Christ is risen today," a hymn the authorship of which is shrouded in mystery. It has, however, been conclusively proved to be a composition of the fourteenth century. Curiously enough the name of the translator is also unknown.

This hymn, very much as we sing it today, first appeared in a book entitled Lyra Davidica, published in 1708, the first verse reading:

O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great Three in One.

Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D. D., was born in Lambeth, October 30, 1807; was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, England, in 1830; was ordained to the ministry in 1835; was appointed to the Bishopric of Lincoln in 1869, where he died, March 20, 1885. He was the nephew of William Wordsworth, the poet. He was scholarly, as is evidenced by his Commentary Upon the Old Testament, in which he followed the Authorized Version, and upon the New Testament in Greek. His writings were patristic to the last degree in spirit and quotation; at times he was polemic and not always courteous to his brethren of other names. He seems, after he was elevated to an ecclesiastical eminence in the Established Church, to have narrowed in temper and grown bigoted in feeling. He made a deliberate attempt to prevent the Methodist preachers from using the title of "Reverend," as if this were the exclusive privilege of the Episcopal clergy. But he must have had seasons of amiability, for he composed some of the best hymns that have of late been given to the churches at large. This one appears in a collection he published, containing 127 that were his own; that was called The Holy Year; or, Hymns for Sundays, Holy Days and other Occasions Throughout the Year, and was issued in 1862. There this one is found as the first, with six stanzas.

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

This was one of the Rev. Charles Wesley's "Hymns for Believers," and was published in his Hymns and Sacred Poems, 1749. It contained sixteen stanzas of eight lines each, and twelve of these have been divided into three hymns of length suitable for congregational use. The original text has been much altered, and in some cases weakened; but the various cantos are in general use on both sides of the sea. The reference is to Ephesians 6: 11.

It is to be feared that too much stress is laid upon the emotional and experimental part of piety in this easy day of ours. Too many young princes go off into dangerous Zululand for curious inquiry or mere love of adventure. There was (so we are told) once an English poet who took position in a lofty tower that he might see a real battle. He seems to have had great prosperity, for the world has not yet done praising his versified description of the rushing onset, the tumult, and the carnage, "by Iser rolling rapidly." Now nobody need hope to become acquainted with the solemn realities of life by merely gazing out upon it from a protected belfry, as Campbell did on Hohenlinden field. We cannot make a poem out of it. There are awful certainties of exposure, and necessities of attack, which disdain figures and rhythms of mere music. And, moreover, we are combatants, not spectators; we are in the onset, and the shock is at hand. "There is no discharge in that war."

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven he came and sought her,
To be his holy bride;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

Another of Rev. Samuel John Stone's hymns; this likewise has had a historic fame to give it a fine reputation as a popular lyric. When the Pan-Anglican Synod, some few years ago, was held in St. Paul's in London the whole body of dignitaries belonging to the English Establishment entered the cathedral, in the presence of an immense congregation which rose to receive the procession, singing, "The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ the Lord!" It was "like the voice of many waters." The hymn was published in Lyra Fidelium, and is one of the twelve pieces founded upon the Apostles' Creed of which that small book consists; it is set to the phrase, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." Mr. Stone has also issued a volume entitled The Knight of Intercession and other Poems; this has reached many editions, and in 1875 was succeeded by another, Sonnets of the Christian Year.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

James Montgomery told his friends, with whom he was sometimes in rare moments of intimacy wont to speak of his own literary productions frankly, that he had received a great many testimonials of approval in respect to this piece of poetry. This fact is the more interesting to us just now, because the cry is raised that the verses are not to be reckoned at all as constituting a lyric song to be sung, but a poetic definition to be read in one's solitude as an encouragement to prayer. Yet the author included it among his hymns in the volume bearing the name; he added, how-

ever, the final stanza in order to give it a formal address to God, and so fit it to the exigencies of public service. It has been accepted without hesitation as not only a valuable aid to devotion, but as a classic among the treasures of the Church at large. Attention has been often called to the peculiar circumstances of Montgomery's death, as illustrating the sentiment he expressed when to the utterance of prayer he gave the name of the Christian's "watchword at the gates of death." When the poet was more than fourscore years of age, in 1854, he still kept up his practice of family worship, and in person officiated in the supplication. This he did one evening as usual, and it was observed that he was especially fervent in his form of address and directness of expression. It was his last audible prayer; he went at once to his chamber for sleep, and in the morning was found unconscious upon the floor of the room. He never spoke again; so this good man passed away; thus he entered heaven "with prayer."

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

This hymn is the familiar song of the ages now, one of the "folk-songs" of the American people at least. It is No. 66 of Dr. Isaac Watts' Hymns, Book II. He entitled it oddly, "A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy." A traveler in Palestine says: "Suddenly the thought occurred to me that here, on the very banks where we were sitting, perhaps, or close by the spot, must have been a pathetic line of land on which the first step of an Israelite was made as he emerged from the transit across the river. Ah, what a step that would seem to the man, whoever he was, as in one exalted moment he saw he was passing from bondage into freedom, from danger into safety; out of doubts and worries, surmises and hopes only, into fruition and home, in the land covenanted to the old fathers! Here was the Plymouth Rock of the Hebrew history. It was necessary for us to cast our imagination across to the other side and seem to be facing the opposite way, in order to catch the full force of such a consideration; but it forcibly occurred to more than one of our company that the enthusiasm of a long train, like that made by the two millions of Israel, must have finally attained its height at the moment when those behind caught a vision of the foremost rank positively landing on the soil of Canaan and mounting up the rugged banks of the stream divided for their passing.

"For all the years, this crossing of the Jordan River has been an understood symbol for the Christian's death; and the region beyond it, more faintly the symbol of heaven. Isaac Watts used to look across an arm of the English Channel, over towards Southampton Water, beyond the broad expanse of which lay the rich meadows and copses of the New Forest. As in most instances, this wonderful hymnist has far outstripped his predecessors, and proved himself the sweetest singer of all. This was the farewell song which we sang that day as we left the stream:

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between."

Hail to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

Written by James Montgomery as an ode, sung at one of the Moravian settlements in Britain on Christmas, 1821. This author was in the habit of repeating, when lecturing on literature or poetry, selected pieces for an occasional illustration. On one occasion, April, 1822, he was present at a meeting of the Wesleyan (Methodist) missionary association in Liverpool. The venerable Dr. Adam Clarke was in the chair. The poet was speaking from the stand. When the climax of his address was reached he closed it with the recital of this fresh version of Psalm 72. It produced so deep an impression upon the audience that it was claimed as the peculiar reminiscence of an assembly so distinguished by the Christian citizens of Liverpool where it was delivered. The moderator asked, in his own behalf, the privilege of embodying it in his volume, as it produced so exquisitely the very thoughts of the Psalmist; and then he requested the Moravian editor to undertake the task of rendering the whole Psalter into English. An intimation like this seems to have abashed the modest poet, for he afterward made reply that his "hand trembled to touch the harp of Zion." The hymn, as used largely in this country, presents only three out of the eight double stanzas which Dr. Clarke printed in his Commentary, with the grace of an entire quarto page for its display. Some compilers have shown a moderate enterprise in looking after the other lines, and so the churches have learned that there are good verses untouched.

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

Ref.—Through life's long day,
And death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Brief mention only is made by the various English hymnologists of Rev. Frederick William Faber's beautiful Evening Hymn. It first appeared in 1852 and was entitled Evening Hymn at the Oratory (of St. Philip, Neri). It has been altered many times, but the author made his final revision of it in 1861. The piece has six stanzas, only five of which appear, and it has been deemed worthy a place among the Second Rank Hymns of the future in Anglican Hymnology. It is in

common use, and may be found in many Roman Catholic as well as Protestant collections.

Oh, worship the King, all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

The somewhat fastidious Anglican Hymnology numbers among those "first-rank" hymns which it commends as the best in the language, three of Sir Robert Grant's productions, of which this is one. The author was born in 1785; having studied at Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1806, he was admitted to the bar the following year. He became a member of Parliament for Inverness, and continued in public life till 1831, when he was sworn a privy-councillor, and so put in the way of promotion from the Crown. Three years later, in 1834, he was appointed Governor of Bombay. It was during his residence in India that he not only wrote his two books on that country, but also several others, mostly political and literary. He is best known upon this side of the sea by his hymns; these are few in number but excellent in spirit, and have deserved the high popularity they have enjoyed among the various churches.

They were written at different periods of his life, and were gathered after his death by his brother Charles, Lord Glenelg, and published in 1839 in a volume entitled Sacred Poems. Sir Robert Grant died in the land which he had governed only four years, and was buried at Dapoorie, in Western India, July 9, 1838.

Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame—
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

This familiar hymn of William Cowper appeared earliest in the Collection of Psalms and Hymns, issued by R. Conyers in 1772. Toplady republished it four years afterward, and then in 1779 it was given its place in Olney Hymns. It was entitled "Walking with God," with a reference to Genesis 5: 24: "And Enoch walked with God." We love to think of the association of our beloved poet with his friend, the pastor of Olney Parish. Our vision of him seems full of peace and beauty, seated in the little garden house among the trees, his quaint cap on his head, his dressing-gown announcing the invalidhood which his companions pitied, his hares sporting in the grass, while the spire of the church shone white across the way. But of late some critics have taken occasion to intimate that Newton's theology was too stern for Cowper; that the associations of Olney were altogether unhelpful to the poet's malady. Even in Newton's biography it was thought necessary to make a lengthy deprecation. Cecil remarks: "There has gone forth an unfounded report that the deplorable melancholy of Cowper was, in part, derived from his residence and connections in that place." Surely no one can read Cowper's letters through that period of his existence. and attribute such a result to Newton's love for his dear friend. What Cowper would have done without it, who can say?

HE WILL HEAR YOU WHEN YOU CALL.

Thirty years ago a lady stopped to speak to four neglected boys, who, barefoot and poorly clad, were playing marbles in the streets of Mendota, Ill. "Are you in Sunday-school?" she asked.

"No! Ain't got no clothes," replied one.

"Would you come if you had clothes?" she asked.

"You bet!" was one boy's emphatic reply.

"What are your names?" she asked.

"Peter Bilhorn," replied the first boy, and the others in turn gave their names. Peter was a German lad, the son of a widow. Clothes were provided, and he and the others kept their promise.

It was a warm Sunday, and the lady who had invited them, and who was to be their teacher, sat, all in white, telling her class of boys the story of the lesson. Almost or quite the only thing they remembered of it, as appeared afterward, was the way the teacher looked, and one thing she said and did. On the back of a card she drew a cross with the name "Jesus" above it, and said: "Boys, Jesus suffered to help us in our troubles. If you ever have any trouble, look to him for help."

One day a terrific storm swept over the prairie town. The streets were all flooded, and the little stream that flowed through the town, usually nothing but a mere trickling of water, was a raging torrent. Boxes, barrels, and the boards from a lumber-yard near by, were swept away. The boys were there to see what work the storm had done, and Peter fell in.

He grasped at weeds on the bank, but they pulled out. He tried to get hold of a board, but it slipped away from him. He was carried under two bridges, on each of which futile efforts were made to rescue him. Toward a third bridge, and the last, he swept, and the roar of the water was in his ears.

"In that moment," he says, "the vision of that teacher, all in white, and her words about looking to Jesus in time of trouble, came to me. I put my hands together and prayed."

It was that gesture of the sinking boy that saved him, for two men on the bridge seized the uplifted hands and drew him out. For a time he was unconscious, and when he came to, after much rolling and rubbing, they asked him how he chanced to have his hands up as they were, and pressed together.

"I was ashamed to say that I was praying," he says, "and I asked, boastfully, 'Didn't you know I could swim?' But I kept thinking I had told a cowardly lie. I had learned in Sunday-school about the other Peter, the one in the New Testament, and it seemed to me I had denied the Lord just as he did."

Bilhorn became the singing evangelist and song-writer, and this incident is said to have been the occasion of his writing the song:

"He will hear you when you call,
He will help you when you fall."

THE HOMILETIC YEAR—MAY.

By G. B. F. Hallock, D. D.

Arbor Day, Spring and Memorial Day.

ARBOR DAY.

"Arbor Day is now a regular American institution. From a small beginning in 1872, it has grown to be a school frolic, enjoyed by scholars and teachers alike, and, what is better than all, the homes of our land claim their share of the happiness. The wise man who started the ball, away out in the treeless western State, has lived to see Arbor Day kept as a festival in nearly every State in the Union. Of course in a country so broad and long as the United States, there could be no one date suited to the climate of all. The season that is just right for tree planting in Florida finds the soil of Iowa still frozen hard; the flowers are blooming in Texas before the forests of Maine can boast a few swollen buds. So the wise ones who planned for this new gala day were puzzled about the best date.

After trial of many plans, they adopted the only one at all feasible, and all along from Washington's Birthday, in the extreme South, up to early May in the northernmost States, Arbor Day has taken its place, and will no doubt hold its own among the holidays of the American people. It has done a wonderful work among the children, not only in its influence as a practical factor in the beautifying of the yards and streets about the school buildings; but best of all has been the impetus given by it to the study of nature. The very fact that once every year the youth of our country may prepare for a day devoted to trees, has aroused them to observe and ask questions, and the coming generation will know more about them than did their fathers and mothers.

Each locality has its own methods for celebrating the day, and from year to year they are varied enough to keep up a healthful interest. Generally there is a gathering of scholars and friends, music by the children, recitations and essays, talks about trees, quotations about them from many great writers, and bright little speeches from visitors—these and other things are suggested by the occasion. Then for the practical part of the tree planting; the scholars march about the grounds, with banners flying and music swelling on the breeze, until they reach the spot where the young trees await their coming; there they halt, the trees are planted, and the name bestowed.

Often the trees are named in honor of some distinguished person, or some dear friend of the school, a favorite teacher, or superintendent. Then a chosen one will explain the name and give a sketch of the person thus honored. Sometimes the children plant many varieties of trees, and each child assumes a name; then, in turn, they describe their own special tree, where it originated and all about it. Sometimes a class, or a department, or even a whole school select a tree and claim it for its own. A pretty idea would be to have the scholars vote for a favorite kind of tree, and each give the reasons for its choice. One can readily see what an interesting programme might be made for Arbor Day."—The Churchman.

Arbor Day for the Church and Sunday School: There are church and Sunday School buildings by the thousands whose unpicturesque exteriors need an ivy clothing, and there are church yards and grounds which should be "laid out" on paper and then, by a plan agreed upon, should be planted with trees and shrubbery, if the church is to be an attractive place.

If the children, as day school scholars, have enough public spirit to enjoy sharing the ceremonies of an Arbor Day appointed by the Governor of their State, and if they gladly beautify, not only their own door yards, but the public parks, the village common, and even the roadsides, an appeal to them as Sunday School children, to beautify the surroundings of their own home church, ought to meet with the heartiest kind of a response. Perhaps, also, there will be the grounds of the rectory, or parsonage, which the Sunday School will have a peculiar interest in adorning. Nor would it be difficult for a missionary spirit to show attention of this kind to other people in the congregation, or to neighboring charitable institutions and homes.

It is a method worth the consideration of many Sunday Schools—the setting apart of a day upon which the children, as a Sunday School, may show the spirit of Arbor Day, whether or not the day be the same as that appointed by the Governor of their State for day schools. It may be either in the spring or fall. Arbor Day is sometimes in April, or early in May, in the Northern States, and somewhat earlier in the Southern States. A day in October or November is also recommended in a few instances.

Arbor Day, like Easter and Christmas, is coming to have its own literature, with books on trees and plants, and books of songs and exercises. The educational periodicals give articles, prose and poetic selections, and special exercises, prepared for use at that time.—S. S. Times.

TEXTS AND THEMES.

"And God said, Let the earth bring forth the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind; and the earth brought forth the tree yielding fruit; and God saw that it was good. And out of the ground made the Lord to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food."—Gen. 1: 11.

Abraham's Invitation: "Rest yourselves under the tree."—Gen. 18: 4.

"Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord."—Ps. 96: 12.

"The trees of the Lord are full of sap, the

cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted; where the birds make their nests; as for the stork, the fir trees are her house."—Ps. 104: 16-17.

"Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord; he shall be like a tree planted by the river of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in due season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doth shall prosper."—Ps. 1: 3.

Of Wisdom the wise man saith: "She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is everyone that retaineth her."—Prov. 3: 18.

"In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river was the tree of life which bore twelve manner of fruits, and yielded its fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."—Rev. 22: 2.

"To him that overcometh, I will give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God."—Rev. 2: 7.

The trees of the Lord: An Arbor Day Sermon: "The trees of the Lord are full of sap, the cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted."—Ps. 104: 16.

I confess to an inordinate passion for trees. Sir Walter Scott going about Abbotsford with Tom Purdy setting out firs and larches, commands my admiration more than Mr. Gladstone "lifting up his axes upon the thick trees"; for I would almost as soon see a deadly weapon raised against a child. For over thirty years I have been sending communications to the religious press from "Under the Catalpa." A tough hardy veteran tree he is too—set out more than forty years ago by the man who came into this street soon after Dr. Samuel H. Cox built here his "Rus-Urban" cottage. There is not beauty in the old fellow except in June, when his limbs are laden with most luxuriant masses of white blossoms. They soon wither and strew the ground with black rubbish that does not improve the grass; and in the spring there comes down another shower of long brown seed-pods. In spite of these inevitable nuisances, I rejoice in the stalwart catalpa whose broad green leaves have a tropical luxuriance, and whose limbs have wrestled with the storms of nearly fifty winters. I once spied a lady gathering up the leaves and stuffing them into her reticule. She said she was the wife of a Western missionary, and was intending to take the leaves home and sell them at an approaching church fair! I assured the good woman that I appreciated the compliment paid to my old arboreal companion, and would be glad if she would come and clear my yard every year of the faded and fallen glories which had outlived their usefulness.

I. The Bible is full of trees; from the time when Adam and Eve sat under their shadow in Eden, on to that splendid vision of the New Jerusalem, where the tree of life bears twelve manner of fruits and its leaves are for the healing of nations. Absalom's oak, and Elijah's juniper, and Jonah's gourd, and the sycamore which hoisted little Zaccheus into notice, are all familiar to every Sunday School scholar. Our Lord hung one of His most solemn parables on the boughs of a barren fig tree, and drew one of His most apt illustrations of the growth of His kingdom from the mustard which becomes tall enough for the birds to nestle in its branches.

II. There is great need in these days of cedar Christians; for a vast deal of brash and brittle timber finds its way into the Church. For want of vigorous inward Christ-life these stunted church members have no spiritual growth. There is not vitalizing sap enough in one of these professed Christians to reach up into the boughs of his outward conduct—nor strength enough in the trunk of character to stand up straight. There he is—just as he was set out in the soil of the Church years ago, no larger, no broader, and no richer in graces than he was at the start, and the caterpillars of worldliness have spun their ugly webs all over his branches. He is a cumberer of the ground—drinking up God's air and sunshine, and yet adding no beauty or fruitfulness to the cause which he represents only to disfigure it.

III. A cedar Christian not only grows, but he grows in all atmospheres and through all weathers. However the wintry gales might rage over Lebanon's storm-swept heights, the "trees of the Lord" toss the tempests from their elastic boughs, and stand as fast and firm as the everlasting mountains underneath them. In the Church of Jesus Christ are just such hardy specimens of godliness—storm-proof, gold-proof, temptation-proof. They never bend and they never break. They never compromise with sin one single ell. Popular hurricanes smite against such men: sometimes when preaching plain truths that make sinners gnash their teeth; sometimes denouncing iniquity in legislative halls, as Adams and Sumner and Giddings did; sometimes uncovering sepulchres of uncleanness, as Anthony Comstock does; sometimes risking life for the cause of Christ, as Livingstone did in Africa, and brave old John G. Paton did in the New Hebrides. The fiber of such cedars of the Lord never bends or cracks. Opposition only makes their roots strike down deeper, and the trunk of their testimony for the truth stand firmer.

IV. It is not the winds of opposition or persecution which bring down church members very often in our days. They are in most danger from secret influences and besetting sins which gnaw out the heart of their religion. And when the community is startled by the defalcation and fall of some prominent man in the Church or the Sunday School, it is only the crack of a piece of timber that had been worm-eaten by secret sin long before. Christ's genuine cedars are sound to the core. There is a solidity in the fiber of the wood which not only enables them to bear a heavy strain,

but will take on the bright polish of "the beauty of holiness." As Solomon built the trees of Lebanon into the most conspicuous portions of the Temple, so Jesus Christ appoints cedar Christians to be the lintels and the door-posts and the stately pillars in His spiritual temple. These are the trees of the Lord whom grace has planted, and whose "fruit shakes like Lebanon."

V. It is an arbor day in the Church when the converting power of the Holy Spirit creates such witness-bearing, sin-defying and bountiful fruit yielding Christians. Planted by the rivers of water, their leaves never wither; they continue to bear fruit even in old age; they are always full of sap and green. Death is only their transplanting into the realms of glory.—T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

The Destruction of Forests: "Was the Lord displeased against the rivers?"—Hab. 3:8.

The earth was made for our dwelling place, and we are to have dominion over it. It is to be helpful to us, not hurtful. If hurtful, it is because we do not understand the laws that govern it and us; or, if we understand these laws, we do not observe them.

We secure dominion over the forces of nature only through recognition of the laws that govern them. The floods that have made so great havoc in Europe and America this season are the natural results of violated law.

I. The forests of the hills and mountains are God's natural check on the overflow of streams. (See George P. Marsh on "The Earth as Modified by Human Action.")

II. As a nation, we are guilty of violation of this law for protection of the valleys. The plunder of the leafy wealth of the hills has been most wanton. The penalty has been visited upon the valleys.

III. The protection must be secured through the dissemination of knowledge upon the subject, and through the state and national law. Otherwise the floods will augment each year until they become immeasurable calamities.—Homiletic Review.

The Trees of the Lord: "The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars which He hath planted."—Psalm 104:16.

Of the great order of pine trees, honored of God to perform the most important services in the economy of nature, and more useful to man than any other kind, one group, the cedars, stands out in distinct and well-marked prominence. There are various reasons why the Lord may be said to have a special interest and property in them; they are "trees of the Lord."

I. On account of the peculiarities of their structure.

They reveal a new idea of the creative mind. They combine the highest appearance with the lowest structure, and are thus links binding together the two great orders of vegetation. An example of a common principle in God's moral procedure, choosing the weak things of the world to confound the mighty and giving more abundant honor to that which lacked. In this wondrous combination of types in the "trees of the Lord" we have a dim foreshadowing of Him who dwelt in the bush; who united in Himself the highest and the lowest, God and man, in one person forever, and who still, though in the midst of the throne, dwells with the man that is of an humble and contrite heart.

II. On account of the antiquity of their type.

In every stratum in which arborescent fossils occur we can trace this antique tree pattern. We burn the relics of extinct cedars in our household fires, as the microscopic investigation of the coal formation reveals. They are monuments of the unchangeableness of the Ancient of Days.

III. On account of the majesty of their appearance.

Religion and poetry have sounded so loudly the praise of the cedar that it has become the most renowned natural monument in the world. At an elevation of six thousand feet, with their roots firmly planted in the moraines of extinct glaciers, with their trunks riven and furrowed by lightning, with the snows of Lebanon gleaming white through their dusky foliage, who can fail to feel the force of the Psalmist's words, "The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars which He hath planted."—Author Unknown.

FACTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Facts: 1. "That the forest areas exercise a positive climatic influence upon the surrounding country. They modify the extremes of heat and cold, and render the temperature more equable throughout the year."

2. "That the deforesting of large areas of hilly and mountainous country affects to a very large extent the quantity of water that comes from springs and flows in rivers. The more apparent is this when the deforesting occurs on the head waters of important streams. Then the water power is destroyed or greatly impaired, navigation impeded, commerce interfered with, droughts and floods are more frequent and more severe."

3. "That the interests of agriculture and horticulture are greatly subserved by the proper distribution of forest areas through their climatic and hydrographic influence."

4. "That a country, embracing within its borders the head waters of all the streams and rivers that interlace it, when stripped of its forest covering becomes a barren waste, incapable of supporting man or beast."

These general facts have been determined beyond question.

The Tree a Symbol of Excellence: Among the Indians of Brazil there is a tra-

dition that the whole human race sprang from a palm tree. It has been a symbol of excellence for things good and beautiful. Among the ancients it was an emblem of victory, and as such was worn by the early Christian martyrs, and has been found sculptured on their tombs. The Mohammedans venerate it. Certain trees, said to have been propagated from some originally planted by the prophet's daughter, are held sacred, and the fruit sold at enormous prices. The day upon which Christ entered Jerusalem riding upon the colt of an ass is called Palm Sunday, being the first day of Holy Week.

The Poetry of Trees: Shakespeare, with his unerring grasp of the finest and most significant figures, makes, naturally, great use of the tree in his illustrations; from that which falls "with its blushing honors thick upon it," to the incomparable sight which preceded Macbeth's fall, that Birnam wood which marched bodily to Dunsinane.

Roderick Dhu's inspiring song to the "Evergreen Pine," and Edmund's "Gretna woods are green" are known to all school boys. It is said that every kind of tree that grows in Scotland, and some of them many times over, are mentioned in Scott's poems.

Gray, in his matchless "Elegy" adds immeasurably to its descriptive force when he speaks in one of the early stanzas of "those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade." His mention of "the favorite tree" of the dead man, adds a pathetic touch to the picture, as also does that of the "stone beneath the aged thorn."

But Tennyson, whose love of nature amounted to a passion, is the truest poet of the trees. His whole being seemed to thrill with the mountain when it "stirred its bushy crown"; when he heard the "copses ring"; and when he listened to

> The low love language of the bird
> In native hazels tassel-hung.

It is he alone of all the poets who has marked the "black ash buds in the front of March," and the fruit of the spindle tree "which in our winter woodlands looks a flower." It is he who dwells with joy upon the time when "rosy plumelets tuft the larch," and upon that silence in which the sympathetic "slender acacia"

> . . . would not shake
> One long milk-bloom on the tree.

Among our own poets, Whittier and Longfellow have given us profuse proof of their love of trees. The opening lines of "Evangeline" are perhaps more familiar than any others that Longfellow has written, and they are a picture, in words, of the forest; while in "Hiawatha" he dwells lovingly upon "the lightness of the birch tree," "the toughness of the cedar," and "the larch's supple sinews."

One of Bayard Taylor's finest compositions is the passionate address, which he puts into the mouth of the Arab, to his beloved palm tree.

Thomas Starr King was a true lover of the forest, and thus translates its varied language, which is as really poetry as though it had been set to meter: "The oak roars when a high wind wrestles with it; the beech shrieks; the elm sends forth a long, deep groan; the ash pours out moans of thrilling anguish."

The single poem of George P. Morris, beginning "Woodman, spare that tree"—a distant echo, though probably no plagiarism, of Campbell's "Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!"—is considered to have done more toward developing the proper love and veneration for trees than any other single influence.

Who can ever see apple trees planted without thinking of Bryant's beautiful lines upon that subject? In his "Forest Hymn" and in "Thanatopsis" the very spirit of the woods is embalmed. Whittier, Lowell and Bryant have all of them most beautifully described the woods in winter. To many, the majestic figure of a tree is most suggestive and impressive when it is stripped of its foliage, and its boughs, bare or laden with snow, reveal all the strength and aspiration of its soul.

The lyrics of our youth abound in trees, from "Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree" to "A song for the oak, the brave old oak," or the Christmas ballads of the hemlock and the holly and

> I wish I were an elm tree,
> A great lofty elm tree with green leaves gay.

The "boy who went fishing with dad" sits forever in our memories under his oak tree, pole in hand; and Ben Bolt will always lie "under the hickory tree which stood at the foot of the hill," not far away from that historic "button-ball tree with its motley limbs."—Christian at Work.

> Who loves a tree he loves the life
> That springs in star and clod;
> He loves the love that gilds the clouds
> And greens the April sod,
> He loves the wide beneficence,
> His soul takes hold on God.
>
> Ah! bare must be the shadeless ways,
> And bleak the path must be,
> Of him who, having open eyes,
> Has never learned to see,
> And so has never learned to love
> The beauty of a tree.
>
> —Samuel Walter Foss.

SPRING.

There are lessons from the spring-time, and from Bible references to the season, it is well for ministers to bring to the attention of their people.

Spring-Time: "Lo, the winter is passed, the rain is over and gone," etc.—Sol. Song 2: 11-13.

Every word of the text was full of meaning to the Jew. From all parts of Palestine the heights of Lebanon could be seen covered with snow. Although generally the climate was temperate in winter, snow fell at Nazareth, and even in districts to the south of it. Then came the latter rain, pouring in torrents, for a fortnight or three weeks, sometimes causing inundations, and

sweeping away insecure dwellings. Then the flowers appeared; the migratory birds returned; the plaintive cooing of the turtle-dove was heard in the woods; the fig-tree, still leafless, put forth her green figs; the vines that were so plentiful began to bud; and until September to October the sky was almost cloudless.

I. The spring presents us with a striking picture of human life.

1. It is a season of preparation. 2. It is a season of changes. 3. It is a season of promises.

II. The spring is a type of the transformation that takes place at man's conversion.

1. What conversion follows—death. 2. What follows conversion—growth, fruitfulness.

III. The spring reminds us of the resurrection day. See 1 Cor. 15:36, 44.—Author Unknown.

The Lessons of Spring: "Thou renewest the face of the earth."—Psalm 104:30.

Job says, "Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee." In the book of Psalms we read: "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." To understand the speech of day, and acquire the knowledge which the night discloses, and study the truths which the seasons of the year illustrate, are privileges which God has kindly given us. There is, perhaps, no season of the year looked forward to with more pleasure than spring. And no season more instructive and suggestive.

I. Spring is a revelation of God. Nature is a revelation of God. "The heavens declare the glory of God." In a certain sense God makes a new world every year. Spring teaches: 1. The profuseness of God's vital energy. Life starting from every pore of nature. The whole earth heaves and throbs with an exhaustless tide of life. 2. The calm ease with which God carries on His work. He pours forth these oceans of life without any effort. How quietly all is done. 3. The regularity of His procedure. For six thousand years God has never neglected the work of spring.

II. Spring is an emblem of human life. 1. Both in spring and in human life there are vast capabilities for improvement. Spring, the season when God submits to the agriculturist what sort of harvest he shall have. With skill and industry he may, during spring days, make nature yield him wonderful results. So with human life. There are wonderful capabilities wrapt up in every human soul! 2. Both in spring and in human life there is a remarkable changeability. No season so changeable as spring. Alternate cloud and sunshine, etc. What an emblem of human life! What a scene of vicissitudes! 3. Both in spring and in human life there are many fallacious promises. Spring, the season of promise. Autumn frequently disappoints the bright hopes of spring. So in life. Full of blasted hopes. 4. Both in spring and in human life there is nothing that can serve as a substitute for the present. No other season can do the work of spring. "The sluggard will not plow by reason of the cold, therefore shall he beg in harvest and have nothing." So it is with life. There is no period that can be a substitute for the present.—Author Unknown.

The Seed for Good Harvest: "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever."—1 Peter 1:23.

There are, under God, special causes for special things. The law of gravitation attracts all material things to common centers. Heat causes evaporation; cold currents of air cause condensation; the wind distributes the rain clouds so that the showers do not all fall upon one locality. The seed must be sown for the harvest. If the field of man's being yield a good harvest, the seed with which it is sown is of prime importance.

I. The consequence if man sows tares, will be ruinous.

"He that soweth to the wind, shall reap the whirlwind." One little evil thought is a seed that may produce a large crop of weeds. One stem of crow foot overran an entire dooryard. "Be sure your sin will find you out." This makes plain:

II. The wisdom of sowing good seed. He that soweth good seed shall have a good harvest. To raise wheat men must sow wheat. The good seed not only produces a growth that will crowd out the noxious weeds; but its harvest itself is of great value besides. Therefore sow only such seed as has all,—

III. The essential features of good seed. Good seed must be: 1. Living Seed. Seed that has the germ of life and will grow. The sowing is for a harvest. Hence what folly to sow that which produces nothing; or worse still, produces evil! Therefore it must be: 2. Divine Seed. This is the only seed that has the germ of life in it; the only seed that will grow; the only seed that will produce a good harvest. Man has never been able to make seed that will grow! Hence no farmer will sow artificial seed. He will have none but Divine seed. How even more wise he would be if he would carry out this course too in spiritual or religious matters. How wise it would be for every man to receive no seed but Divine seed. Divine seed will be: 3. Goodly Productive. How well this shows that the seed we must have for a good harvest, is not artificial seed—not the teachings of men—but Divine seed—the teachings of God! The Divine teachings are the only seeds that will produce good harvests. They alone are Divine and living seed; they alone can be sowed in the heart with the assurance of growth into an everlasting harvest. "The seed is the Word." Therefore cling to the Holy Bible. Receive seed only from God: sow that,—teacher, preacher, exemplifier; then you sow that which will grow and produce a harvest—"Some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred fold."

This is the only seed that can and will

produce the "new birth." This regenerates men's lives and gives them power to live in holiness. Give your being to God as a field for the Holy Spirit to sow with the "incorruptible Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever;" that partaking of its eternal nature you may live and abide forever in the Heaven of heavens.—Author Unknown.

MEMORIAL DAY.

We cannot do a wiser thing than to honor the memories of the departed defenders of the flag and in so doing show, not only that we are grateful for what they did, but that we love the nation whose banner they followed and wish to do something that will prove that we are worthy of the name of Christian Americans.

SUGGESTIVE THEMES AND OUTLINES.

The Way to Honor Our Patriotic Dead: "Quit you like men."—1 Cor. 16: 13.

We honor our heroic and patriotic dead by being true men, as true men by faithfully fighting the battles of our day as they fought the battles of their day. The flower of a true and beautiful life is the flower to put upon the soldier's grave.

I. Trueness to our country is the best way to honor the soldier who fell in defense of his country. The best citizen, the best patriot, the best son of his country is he who gives the best manhood to his country. He is the man who writes upon his nature the Ten Commandments and the eight beatitudes. You can have a Grand Army only when the ranks are filled with grand men. Such men our country wants that its moral battles may be well fought. Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic recognize the call of the hour. Our nation calls for hundreds and thousands of true men. There is treason still to be put down.

II. There is treason of cowardly silence when patriotism and duty calls up to cry out against the destructive sins of the land. This must be put down. There is treason in the senate hall. There is treason in the political caucus. There is treason at the ballot-box; the selling of votes, and the manipulation of votes, and the intimidation of voters. There is treason in office, which shows itself in the acceptance of rewards and bribes. It is your duty to put down treason in all these forms. The traitor in the time of peace should be shot, just as the traitor in time of war was shot. He should be shot with the blackball. He should be shot with the cannonball of public indignation and execration. He should be fired out of office and out of citizenship, and buried in everlasting oblivion.

III. Soldiers of the Republic, the battles of the present are identical with the battles of the past. The form of warfare only is changed. The moral conflicts waged in our nation are as truly battles as were the conflicts of Gettysburg and Lookout Mountain. You have a duty in these as you had a duty in those. What are the moral conflicts whose roll call you should hear? They are these: The battle for temperance; social purity; the right of the red man, of the Mongolian; the battle of labor against capital, and of capital against labor; the anti-poverty battle. Beside these there are the battles against the deadly isms which which have been imported to our land and which are warring against the very life of our nation. Our country is the land where the battles of the future are destined to be fought, and where they are already opened. Here the nations of the Old World crowd together and meet, and here the great problems and questions of the ages must be debated and settled. Rally around the true flag in these moral battles. Fire no blank cartridges, but pour hot shot into every form of evil. Deal not in feeble negations, but in strong, positive statements, and fire these with the power of propelling conviction.—David Gregg, D. D.

What Memorial Day Means: The day comes under the shadow of a great calamity, as years ago the news of victory was mingled with the sad tidings of wounds and death. It is always a day of chastened memories and solemn interest. But it has a meaning. What is it? What shall we tell our children that it means?

1. That conflict was one of the world's great wars.

2. It was a holy war—the culmination of an irrepressible conflict.

3. Its issues involved the existence of free institutions the world over.

4. Those men who freely gave their lives deserve our eternal gratitude. In no other war did the nobility go to the front as in this. Our debt to the dead is uncanceled. With no unkind thought toward the people of the South, we insist on the principles which were forever settled in the great conflict.—W. W. Case, D. D.

The Greatness of the Nation: "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."—Psalm 126: 3.

Washington, at his first inauguration, said: "No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States." As we look back, we realize that the fears and hopes of the fathers have alike been disappointed. The hopes of the most sanguine have been dwarfed by gigantic fulfillment. What is the secret of our growth?

1. The sword of Washington and the genius of Hamilton and Madison made us an independent nation. Canada and Australia are, indeed, free colonies. Who knows if they would have been so but for the lesson we gave England?

2. America represents the sentiment and future of mankind. It has given the world science, invention, literature, and the statesmanship of Washington, Hamilton, Webster, and Lincoln; and means to the world more than the grandest dependencies.

3. The strong constitutional government was essential, and the spirit of reverence for law. This has characterized the people as a whole, but is not complete. Washington had to crush rebellion in Pennsylvania; and besides one great rebellion we have had riots, lynch-law, toleration of murder, and corruption of legislature and voters.

4. Our weak spot is the great municipality with the saloon and all allied corruptions.

5. The triumph of republicanism is the more marked in the deliverance from the great rebellion which nearly rent the national life in twain, and the removal of slavery.

6. The passage of these perils should give us deeper faith in the institutions which have survived them, and make us resolve anew that they shall not fail for lack of manly fidelity and virtue behind them. The review of our nation's growth must make us ashamed of the despotism of the ring and the boss, and quicken our allegiance to the God who has been so manifestly in our history. Let us renew our allegiance to America at the altars of religion.—J. H. Barrows, D. D.

Christian Manfulness: 1 Cor. 16:13, "Quit you like men."

Memorial-day remembrance of heroism in war, like the actual coming of the war thirty-seven years ago, enforces the need of sturdy manliness. In a time of peace we are apt to forget this need. Let us hope that we will never again see war, but let us not think character complete without manly courage. Paul here quotes the brave words of the Philistines whose manliness rose above their fears and superstitions.—1 Samuel 4:9.

Our Patience Strengthened by Remembering Their Greater Trial: Heb. 12:4, "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood." Pray God that we may never have to; but the heroes of liberty and union went through a bloody trial, and their memory should shame our impatience in our lesser trial.

Their Victory Was the Victory of Human Progress and Divine Providence: Judges 5:20, "The stars in their course fought against Sisera."

Our Peace and Prosperity They Bought with Their Blood: Judges 5:31, "And the land had rest forty years."

The Sacredness of Their Gift to Us: 2 Sam. 23:15-17, David's refusal to drink the water got at the risk of life.

Our Reciprocal Duty: 1 John 3:16, "And we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

Supreme Courage and Self-Sacrifice: Rev. 12:11, "They loved not their lives unto the death."

Our Inherited Responsibility: John 4:38, "Other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors."

The Essential Nobleness of the Saviors of the Union: Heb. 11:38, "Of whom the world was not worthy." A brother who helped nurse the wounded brought back from the battles of the Wilderness was carried away by the courage, self-denial, and submission of those suffering and dying men. "Our soldiers," he said, "are the best men in the world."

The Heroic Example: Heb. 13:7, "Whose faith follow."

1. Faith is the essential principle of heroism, whether in battle or in religion. It sees the higher good, and follows after it at no matter what cost.

2. Happy is a people with a heroic ancestry, whose sacred traditions are mingled with grand examples.

3. No doubt there were men of all sorts in the army of 1861-65. But there were many wise and heroic souls, who discerned the highest issues of the strife; enough such to dominate its thought; and their spirit—large, prophetic, and devoted—we should imitate.

4. What we need is to discern the essential glory of our elders, and take that for our ideal.—Author Unknown.

A Noble Death Reveals a Noble Life: 1 John 3:16, "Hereby perceive we the love (of God) because He laid down His life for us." A long life of loving service may prove the love that inspires it, and a long career of patriotic service may prove one's patriotism; but we are all more immediately impressed by a patriotic death, or a death of devoted self-sacrifice. No higher evidence can one give than to die, and while all our soldiers were men of like passions with ourselves, those who died for us gave a proof of a noble patriotism which rises above criticism. The gentle unselfishness of the brave is a well-known trait, and suggests sacred depth of character which we may well revere.—Author Unknown.

Seeing the Things Worth Dying for: Rom. 5:7, "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die." What made our noble patriots willing to die was that they saw and loved the noble men and institutions of their country. They saw the beauty of liberty and justice and all the glories of Christian civilization: "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people:" and they said, "Let us die rather than these should perish from off the earth." Let us have their vision, and we shall have their patriotism too. Perhaps, like Christ, they saw these things rather as possible than realized, but still worth pressing after and saving as possibilities at any price of suffering for a time. —Author Unknown.

The Lesson of Soldierly Obedience: Luke 7:8, "For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers, and I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it." There is no lesson that we as a people more need than that of obedience. In our exaltation of independence, and our successful and untroubled business, we have come to do every man what is right in his own eyes. The uniform obedience of the soldier even

to death fitly magnifies the virtue that we specially need.—Author Unknown.

The Lesson of Self-Sacrifice: "And we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." The thousands of lives poured out on the battle-field are not wasted if they teach us the lesson of self-sacrifice. There are different kinds of courage for different places, and different kinds of service, but the spirit of self-sacrifice is one, whether in our dying Savior, the soldier in battle, or the weakest of us in our secret struggle with selfish lusts.—Author Unknown.

The Death of the Soldier and the Death of Christ: Matt. 20:28, "And whosoever will be chief among you let him be your servant: even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many." In taking his life in his hands for his country the soldier follows out the completeness of the self-sacrifice of Christ, and so gives us a more complete idea of what manly self-sacrifice is. We take our petty view of it, setting up our sacrifice of convenience or ease or some superfluous luxury, as though that imitated Christ. The soldier lifts us up into the realities of life and death, and shows what real self-sacrifice is. Christ is certainly an example, and the martyrs have followed His example in death. The soldier shows that every man needs to have something of the same spirit.—Author Unknown.

The Lesson of Manly Courage: Judges 5:18, "A people that jeoparded their lives unto the death in the high places of the field." We need not fear national degeneracy so long as high courage is the common trait of our soldiers. That courage which they observed in battle we need in the common battle of daily life against civic corruption and our own temptations.—Author Unknown.

The Supreme and Sanctifying Test of Character: John 15:13, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life." Those who died for us could do no more. That was the supreme proof of their unselfish devotion. When they nerved themselves to die for us, they took the last ennobling step and forever sanctified their lives and memory.—Author Unknown.

Devout Remembrance of the War as Under God's Control: Judges 5:11, "They that are delivered from the noise of archers in the places of drawing water, there shall they rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord, even the righteous acts toward the inhabitants of His villages of Israel." 1. We could not prevent the war. 2. Our success we expected, but its quick and overwhelming character was miraculous. It is good only if we accept it as an opportunity from God.

God's Promise for Battle: Exod. 14:14, "The Lord shall fight for you."

God's Claim in the Issue of War: 2 Chron. 20:15, "The battle is not yours, but God's."

What is Won Us with Blood is a Sacred Trust: 1 Chron. 11:17-19, "Shall I drink the blood of these men?"

Recognize God's Control and Help: Deut. 9:3, "Understand therefore this day, that the Lord God is He which goeth before thee."

"Thrice Armed is He Who Hath His Quarrel Just:" 2 Chron. 32:8, "With him is the arm of flesh; but with us is the Lord our God to help us to fight our battles."

The Power of Religion in War: Exod. 14:25, "The Egyptians said, Let us flee from the face of Israel, for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians."

The Safety of a Nation in Having God's Help in Their Trials: 2 Chron. 32:18, "With him is the arm of flesh; but with us is the Lord our God to help us fight our battles."

The Courage and Success of Battle are God's Gift: Psalm 144:1, "Blessed be the Lord, my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight."

God Gives Victory Through the Efforts of Brave Men: Judges 4:15, "The Lord discomfited Sisera, and all his chariots, and all his host, with the edge of the sword before Barak."

The Irresistible Help of Righteousness: Judges 5:20, "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

1. The war was different from the planing of any man.
2. The policy of the nation is forced upon it by higher influences.
3. The result will be different from our planning.
4. It will be good only as we trust it to God.

Lessons from the Life of General Grant: Prov. 22:1, 29, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. . . Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings." The elements of the great and good are not (1) great wealth, nor (2) splendid genius, nor (3) self-advertisement.

1. Modesty is an element, and Grant was one of the most modest of men.
2. Tenacity of Purpose. Grit was a means of grace to a man who could say: "I do not despair of whipping 'em yet, and I'll fight it out on this line."
3. Mighty Reserve Power. There was always much back that could be called on if needed. He could say and do more than people knew. He was a gifted talker.
4. Morality and Religion. Grant made it a habit of his life to see and say the exactly true. He did not lumber up his mind with sophistries.

There was indeed a time when there was danger that the life that had been so useful and sublime might have gone down in self-indulgence. He was saved from that; and after that hard struggle for life came on at Mt. McGregor the moral man seems to have crowned his closing life by religiously and definitely accepting faith in Jesus Christ and passing into the future in splendid triumph.—N. H. Axtell, D. D.

CURRENT ANECDOTES

A paper furnishing illustrations and their morals for religious public speakers.

(Incorporating Cut Gems, Troy, N. Y.)

PUBLISHED BY

CURRENT ANECDOTES CO.

617-625 Rose Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

SUBSCRIPTION: { In U. S., Canada and Mexico, $1.50 PER YEAR.

Foreign Subscriptions, 25c. extra, for postage.

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Entered at the Post Office at Cleveland, O., as second class matter.

Issued MAY, 1903 Monthly

The Church Economist's Views of the Chicago Convention.

Judged from almost any point of view the recent convention at Chicago to promote religious education was an interesting event. How important the results will be cannot now be guessed. President Harper himself declared it would be years before the real fruit would appear, so that those who may regard the new move with apprehension need not feel any immediate alarm.

The John Brown Raid, which led to the War, in this case—in other words the immediate, concrete cause—was the action taken at the Sunday School convention at Denver. While the scope of the Chicago Convention is much wider than Sunday School instruction, it is safe to say but for the "turning down" of graded school men and methods at Denver, the Chicago meeting never would have taken place.

To this extent the new organization is a revolt and a competitor, and is so understood by the International system. After careful conference among themselves in Chicago, no representatives from the International Sunday School Association accepted seats in the convention, and no fraternal recognitions passed between the two bodies.

The attitude of the International was expressed to The Church Economist by one of its leading officers in Chicago, as follows: "I have been attending the meetings, though I declined to become a member, because I want to find out what the new organization proposes. And so far as I can see, it proposes absolutely nothing which we of the International are not already trying our best to accomplish. This being so, I see no reason for a new organization. It sees the shortcomings which we see; it would apply the remedies we would apply; and it will meet with just those difficulties in carrying its reforms into effect which we encounter, and on account of which we have to take up with a practical degree of efficiency."

Summed up briefly, the opposition to the new movement is based on two leading conditions, first, that under existing conditions, a higher pedagogic quality of instruction is impracticable, and second that the movement is fathered and "run" by those who are at sea in their theology.

It was interesting to notice the denominational makeup of the membership. The bulk of the leaders and delegates came from the Congregationalists, and what may be called the scholarly wing of the Baptists. Presbyterians and Methodists were conspicuous by absence. So were the Episcopalians and Disciples. There were, to be sure, representatives of these communions on the program, but they plainly stood as individuals and exceptions.

So far as a definite aim was evolved by the convention, this calls for a stronger emphasis on the teaching office of the ministry, the application of modern principles of secular education to instruction in Bible truths, the encouragement of home religious training, and a real if indirect teaching of religious principles in the secular schools. Great weight was laid on the importance of the teaching function of the minister, and if the convention did nothing more than to inspire some of its members and friends to stronger and wiser work in this respect it amply justified its existence.

Attendance upon the convention was not large numerically, only about 100 making up the list of those who used the excursion rate on railroads. The more local registration brought the total up to between 300 and 400. In personnel the attendance was significantly high, and popular interest was demonstrated by the crowds which filled the Auditorium on the opening evening and which gave full audiences to the daily sessions in the churches. Those who initiated the movement and led in its proceedings were evidently gratified by the result of their labors, and look forward to a notable development from the start now made.

One of the speakers summed up the Sunday School situation in what may be regarded as a sensible outline as follows: That for 80 per cent. of the schools the present International series was as good a scheme as could be devised; that for 20 per cent., including schools of special advantages of one sort and another, it was desirable to have at hand more exacting alternatives for the International lessons. And it was the object of the new organization to put such alternatives within the reach of schools that could use them to advantage.

One feature of the convention was worthy of notice and of praise—the dignified conduct of the music. We missed the "professor" shouting his ditties at one end of the hall and selling them at the other, and in his place heard the historic music of the church, led by a competent conductor. Apart from this valuable object lesson, however, the convention was strangely dumb on one of the most important branches of moral and religious education, the training of the community in worthy Christian song. Said one of the members privately to the writer: "I am teaching my own little girl the great hymns of our faith, for I believe I cannot do better than implant in her young nature these noble lyrics." Would that such a thought had found utterance on the platform and become imbedded in the schemes of the convention!

PRAYER MEETING TOPICS.

LIFE AND INFLUENCE OF JESUS CHRIST.—Augustus Nash.

THE WAY TO LIVE.

Matt. 5: 1-12.

I. What reason is there for believing that the Beatitudes represent the best thought of Jesus on how men should live?

II. Why does he put these principles of life in the form of Beatitudes?

III. From his standpoint what is that really makes men happy?

IV. Which of these Beatitudes do you most covet for yourselves?

V. Is the possession of all of them essential to a true Christian character?

VI. Does the order given here correspond with their usual development in the individual life?

VII. Is being poor in spirit the beginning of a religious life or the fruit of religious experience?

VIII. What sort of mourning does Jesus refer to?

IX. Is meekness a thing of the inner life or the outward conduct?

X. What is the difference between righteousness and purity of heart?

XI. Can it be proven from actual life that this is the result of an intense desire for righteousness?

XII. When shall the pure in heart see God?

XIII. Give a concrete example of what you would consider a merciful man?

XIV. Why and in what manner will such a man obtain mercy?

XV. Does the work of a peacemaker have to do with men's relations to God as well as to their fellow men?

XVI. Does such a character invariably bring some sort of reproach or persecution?

HOW HE WORKED.

Mark 1: 21-45.

I. Why did Jesus select Capernaum as a center for his labors?

II. Was this an exceptional or typical Sabbath-day with Jesus?

III. Why did the teaching of Jesus cause such amazement among the people?

IV. What startling interruption occurred in the midst of the synagogue service?

V. What was this man's condition according to the teaching of the evangelist?

VI. What involuntary confession was forced from the demon by the presence of Jesus?

VII. Why did Jesus gag the unclean spirit and repudiate his testimony?

VIII. What conclusions did the multitude draw from what they had seen?

IX. What state of affairs did Jesus find in Peter's home?

X. What means did he use to relieve the mother-in-law?

XI. Why is it added that she ministered unto them?

XII. What effect did these stirring scenes have upon the city?

XIII. Why did the people wait until the sun went down before bringing their sick friends to Jesus?

XIV. What was there in the closing scenes of this Sabbath day that was significant of his mission?

XV. What connection is there between the work of this Sabbath-day and his devotions of the next morning?

THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN.

Mark 2: 1-11.

I. What was Mark's object in recording the healing of this man?

II. Is there anything strange in such a company gathering at the home of Jesus after his return? Mark 1: 32-34.

III. How did it come that the Scribes and Pharisees were there? Luke 5: 17.

IV. How was Jesus engaged when this startling interruption occurred?

V. Did these men bring their friend to Jesus for the healing of his body or the forgiveness of his sins?

VI. Why did Jesus greet him with "Son thy sins are forgiven thee"?

VII. What was the man, himself, thinking most about, his sins or his disease? John 5: 14; James 5: 14, 15.

VIII. Were his sins actually forgiven or was this simply to provoke an argument with the Pharisees?

IX. Where were the Pharisees in error in their reasoning?

X. Does Jesus hold them morally accountable for indulging in such thoughts?

XI. How would they reason in their own minds when he proposed this test?

XII. What evidence is there that the man, himself, had confidence that Jesus would forgive his sins?

XIII. Why then should Jesus look with favor upon the faith of his friends?

XIV. What was the effect of all this upon those who were present?

TWO VITAL QUESTIONS.

Luke 10: 25-37.

I. Questions on the events of the lesson: (1) In this lesson, who engages Jesus in conversation? (2) Who were the lawyers of that day? (3) What questions did he propound to Jesus? (4) Was he sincere in his inquiry? (5) How did Jesus answer him? (6) How did he interpret the law? (7) What did Jesus think of his answer? (8) What did he tell him to do? (9) What was the effect upon the lawyer? (10) How did Jesus answer him this time? (12) Tell the story of the Good Samaritan in your own language. (13) Did Jesus compel his to answer his own question? (14) What practical application did Jesus make of the story?

II. Did the lawyer inquire about eternal life with any sense of personal interest or concern?

III. Was Jesus chiefly concerned with answering his question or helping him?

IV. What views does the lawyer seem to have held as the attainment of eternal life?

V. Why does Jesus immediately refer him to the law?

VI. Did Jesus at last succeed in touching his conscience?

VII. Was the lawyer sincere in putting his second question to Jesus?

VIII. What views did the Jews hold generally as to who was their neighbor?

IX. Why does he make a Priest, Levite and Samaritan the three principal characters in his story?

X. In the light of this story what would you say is the first thing that constitutes one our neighbor?

XI. Who do you suppose Jesus really intended the Good Samaritan to represent?

XII. Have we any reason for believing that in this fact is found the answer to his first question?

THE VEIL LIFTED.

Matt. 17: 1-13.

I. Questions on the events of the lesson: (1) How long was this after our last lesson? (2) Whom did Jesus take with him into the Mount of Transfiguration? (3) Why did he take them rather than the others? (4) What did they go into the mountain for? Luke 9: 28. (5) Did the transfiguration take place at day or night? (6) What description is given of his appearance when transfigured? (7) Who did they see with him? (8) What were they talking about? Luke 9: 31. (9) Who was the first to speak? (10) What did he say? (11) What happened while he was yet talking? (12) What did the voice from the clouds say to them? (13) What effect did this have upon the disciples? (14) What did they see after it was all over?

II. With what sayings of Jesus is his transfiguration connected? Luke 9: 21-28.

III. What is the explanation of the change that took place in the appearance of Jesus? John 1: 14; 2 Peter 1: 16-18.

IV. Did Moses and Elijah appear upon the scene merely as individuals or in their representative characters?

V. What thoughts about the future life are suggested by the appearance of these two men under the circumstances?

VI. What is the significance of the topic of their conversation?

VII. Why did God speak to them from the cloud?

VIII. Why is it added that when they came to themselves they saw no man save Jesus only?

IX. What are we to conclude was the purpose and meaning of the transfiguration of Jesus?

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New Books.

"Explorations in Bible Lands During the Nineteenth Century," by Prof. Hilprecht, published by Holman & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., at $3.00, is of unusual value in the confirmation of the Scriptures. They prove that much of the destructive criticism of the Bible narrative of the Jews and contemporary nations is entirely at fault. They add, in no small degree, to our knowledge of the Hebrew Captivities, and of other great events during a long period of Jewish national life. Increased light is thrown upon the social and domestic life of olden times, and many hitherto difficult points are clearly explained. In view of their strong corroboration of the Sacred Text it seems as if these long-buried archæological treasures have been providentially kept in seclusion in order that in these latter days of doubt and questioning they might be brought forth as irrefutable witnesses to the fidelity of the Old Testament records.

Mr. William E. D. Scott, whose book, "The Story of a Bird Lover," was published on March 28th by the Outlook Company, is the Curator of Ornithology at Princeton University. A unique feature of his equipment for the study of bird life is his "laboratory" of live birds. It is composed of six rooms in his own house, in which are about five hundred live birds, native and foreign. The collection is primarily for the purpose of conducting investigations that may lead to a better understanding of birds out-of-doors, and the problems which their life presents. The birds are absolutely tame and fearless and exhibit strong attachment for Mr. Scott. His book tells with absorbing interest the story of his life, of how he came to study and love birds, of the studies and investigations by which he acquired his great knowledge of bird life and nature, and of his travels in many little-known parts of this country.

The most artistically illustrated nature book this year is "God's Out of Doors," by Wm. A. Quayle, published by Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati, O. The author has a farm, and his journeys to and fro start a flow of poetical prose, through which he shares his farm with his readers. He must have among his friends an unusual number of expert amateur photographers, who have contributed freely. You will be pleased with the book.

The summer schedule of The Moody Bible Institute will run from May to September (inclusive). Courses are arranged to meet the needs, not only of regular students, but also of pastors, evangelists, returned missionaries, and other Christian workers, as well as laymen and women, such as college students and school teachers on vacation, who can devote only a limited time to Bible study. Mr. S. D. Gordon, of Oberlin, Ohio, will give Quiet Talks on Power. During the remaining months, Rev. R. A. Torrey and Rev. James M. Gray, D. D., of Boston, and other Bible teachers will be the leading lecturers. Full information can be secured by sending stamped envelope to A. P. Fitt, Institute Place, Chicago.

UNUSUAL.

LENDING TO THE LORD.

"My son," said a banker to his son, "I want to give you a lesson in business. Here is a half-dollar. Now, if you can find any boy whom you can trust, who will take this money, and pay you interest on it, you may lend it to him; and, if you invest this wisely, I'll increase your capital." When night came the banker said, "My son, how did you invest your money today?" "Well, father," replied the little fellow, "I saw a boy on the street without any shoes, and he had no dinner; so I gave him my fifty cents to buy something to eat with." "You'll never make a business man in the world," said the banker; "business is business. But I will try you once more. Now, here is a dollar to invest; see how well you can do it." A loud peal of laughter from the boy followed this speech, which was thus explained: "My Sunday-school teacher said giving to the poor was lending to the Lord; and she said he would return to us double; but I did not think he would do it quite so quick."—James R. White.

A Scotch lady and her gardener used to worship together, not agreeing with any form of church doctrine. A friend remonstrated with her, and asked: "Do you really think you and your gardener are the only two real members of the true church on earth?" "Weel, I'm nae sae sure o' John."

This is the suggestive way in which a Kansas paper reports a bit of news: "The Episcopalians and their husbands attended a pleasant reception given at the parish house last night." This recalls the old story of the Jew who insisted that if his friend had any religion it was in his wife's name.

THE SERMONS HE LIKED.

Robert Morris, the celebrated patriot of the Revolution, was once asked by Dr. Rush:

"Well, Mr. Morris, how did you like the sermon? I have heard it highly extolled."

"Why, doctor," said he, "I did not like it at all. It is too smooth and tame for me."

"Mr. Morris," replied the doctor, "what sermons do you like?"

"I like, sir," replied Mr. Morris, "that preaching which drives a man up into a corner of his pew and makes him think the devil is after him."

"General Butler went into a hospital in Washington," said Eli Perkins, "to express sympathy to a wounded Bull Run soldier."

"What's the matter with you, my man?" as he held out his hand to the soldier with a bandaged leg.

"Oh, I've gangrene, General."

"Gangrene, comrade? Why, that's a very dangerous disease, my man, v-e-r-y d-a-n-g-e-r-o-u-s," said General Butler, "I never knew a man to have gangrene and recover. It always kills the patient or leaves him an idiot. I've had it myself."

Madge: "Do you think the minister offended any of his congregation by what he said about Sunday golf?" Marjorie: "Of course not. Nobody who plays golf was there."—New York Sun.

A Philadelphia clergyman who had neglected all knowledge of nautical affairs was asked to deliver an address before an audience of sailors.

He was discoursing on the stormy passages of life. Thinking he could make his remarks more pertinent to his hearers by metaphorically using sea expressions, he said:

"Now, friends, you know that when you are at sea in a storm the thing you do is to anchor."

A half-concealed snicker spread over the room, and the clergyman knew that he had made a mistake.

After the services one of his listeners came to him and said: "Mr. ——, have you ever been at sea?"

The minister replied:

"No, unless it was while I was delivering that address."—New York Tribune.

In concluding, the teacher said: "Can any boy tell me what practical thought we have gotten from this lesson on the prophet Jonah?"

Up went Johnny's hand.

"What is it, Johnny?"

"You can't keep a good man down."

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QUOTABLE POETRY.

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WATCH AND PRAY.

Within, the holy hermit knelt and prayed,
With arms upraised above his bended form,
He called aloud amid the beating storm,
Invoking for the homeless, heaven's aid.

"O God," he cried, "If in this bitter night
There be but one that seeks a sheltering rest—
E'en as Thou givest to the birds a nest—
Lead Thou, O Lord, his faltering steps aright."

Without, a lonely pilgrim, faint and sore,
Drawn thither by the leura's flickering light—
A star amid the tempest ridden night—
Stood knocking at the hermit's welcome door.

"O man of God, take pity ere I die,
And grant to me the refuge of thy care!"
But to the anchorite, absorbed in prayer,
There came no sound of knock or pleading cry.

When darkness, with it's stormful wrath had sped,
His duty done, the weary hermit slept;
While he for whom that night he'd prayed and wept
Lay at the door, unrecognized and dead.

—Clifford Howard, in Scribners.

MAN MADE TO WALK WITH GOD.

Every human heart is human;
And in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
And the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in the darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened.

—Song of Hiawatha.

OUR POSSESSION.

Apart from thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy cross
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given:
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven.

—Whittier.

LIFE'S LOSSES.

Upon the white sea sand
There sat a pilgrim band
Telling the losses that their life had known;
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff, and bay
And the strong tide went out with weary moan.

One spake with quivering lip
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household, to the deep gone down:
And one had wilder woe
For a fair face long ago
Lost, in the darker depths of a great town.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:
Sad losses have yet met
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart is gone from me.

Alas! These pilgrims said,
For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks by land and sea,
But howsoever it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss.

—From "Life Indeed," by E. B. Coe.

In the ancient cathedral of Lubeck, in Germany, there is an old slab with the following inscription upon it:

"Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to us:
Ye call me Master, and obey me not;
Ye call me Light, and see me not;
Ye call me the Way, and walk me not;
Ye call me Life, and desire me not;
Ye call me Wise, and follow me not;
Ye call me Fair, and love me not;
Ye call me Rich, and ask me not;
Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not;
Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not;
Ye call me Noble, and serve me not;
Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not;
Ye call me Just, and fear me not;
If I condemn you, blame me not."

A FRIEND TO MAN.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze a path,
Where highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who faint with the strife;
But I turn not away from their smiles or their tears,
Both part of an infinite plan;
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by;
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish, and so am I;
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

—From Lakeside Magazine.

SERMON DEPARTMENT.

Joseph Parker on Higher Criticism.

[We are indebted to the British Weekly for this address prepared by Dr. Parker shortly before his death for the Brighton Meeting of the National Free Church Council, where it was delivered March 10th. The thoughts contained in it were very much in Dr. Parker's mind during the last months of his life, and were continually the theme of his conversation. The problems presented by the Higher Criticism troubled him. Although he had found for himself a way of solution and was not retarded in his own preaching, he deeply felt that the Churches had to pass through a time of stress before a readjustment could be reached, and earnestly deprecated any rash and hasty treatment of the subject from the pulpit.]

In all controversy how much depends on standpoints! How much standpoints are affected by training! We talk fluently about independence and private judgment, and the rights of conscience; all that is well; in the sense, if any, in which we use the words there is no harm in them, but are they not words that need qualification—words that are surrounded by an atmosphere—words that are of necessity limited and partial? The most conflicting conceptions of things may be right from a merely individual point of view and utterly wrong from a point of view that takes in more field and light and air, more of time and space, more of history and experience. It takes all men to make man, all knowledge to make truth, all sacrifice to make love. Only He who knows the whole "world" can ever imagine that it was worth dying for; only He who knows "all nations" can create a gospel big enough for them; only He who rests in the bosom of the Father can wait until He has put all enemies under His feet. We are but fractions—splinters, not rocks—men, not man. Let us be careful how we come to big conclusions—lest we overweight ourselves, and become popes whilst in the very act of claiming to be Protestants. At the best we see through a glass darkly. Each sees his own glint of truth; no one star is the universe; no one candle is the sun. To know this is to learn how to be charitable, and patient, and hopeful. There is no pope so hateful as the Protestant who acts as if he thought himself infallible.

Our Free Church training gives us our standpoint. We have been made by others. We carry our cradle with us. We are the product of our native air. Perhaps we are little more than the sum of our antecedents; perhaps our independence when analyzed will turn out to be the last expression of our environment. We might have been different men if we had been born in India—the same, yet not the same—the fire might have penetrated further into our blood and the heat of our imagination might have required corresponding gorgeousness of language. "Judge not, that ye be not judged." If we had been born in Fiji we might have taken a different view of Church and State, and even of time and space, those strange quantities which are at once limited and immeasurable—at once as unapproachable as God.

Our own training—our own bringing up—as Free Churchmen is responsible for much. Any other ecclesiastical language is a kind of foreign tongue, with which we have but a dictionary acquaintance, but it is really no part of our breath, our blood, our soul. Many men know just enough of a language to make blunders in it; this is true not only of grammatical language, but of ecclesiastical language, experience, and spiritual fellowship. Our bringing-up as Dissenters was a rough and hard training. It has, of course, left its deep mark upon us. We were not reared in kings' houses. We are most powerful when we are most ourselves. All aping is weakness. When I think of all our Dissenting training I sometimes break down; my tears are hot and bitter. Let us dwell upon some aspects of this training for a time. We were brought up amongst simple, unsuspecting believers. They told us that the Bible was all true. They called it "The Holy Bible," and they held it to be such. They told us that Eden was a real place, with real trees, and a real serpent. They told us that a four-branched river rolled through the sunny paradise; we thought that Adam bathed in Hiddekel; and that the gold that colored the Pison stream was solid and yellow, and marketable. We never doubted it. The place on the map was pointed out, with the assurance that if Eden was not there it was thereabouts. Some people believe this still. The Salvation Army believes it. Some primitive Primitive Methodists believe it—Spurgeon believed it. In its highest, deepest, grandest meaning I myself believe it.

Our mothers are responsible for a good deal. They were not literal grammarians, but they were gigantic believers. They used to read to us the story of Joseph and cry over it, and made much of the coat of many colors, and when we came to "your father, the old man of whom ye spake, is he well?" our brawny fathers sobbed and pretended to be only coughing. If anybody had then told us what some people tell us now, that there was no Joseph—no old man—no coat of many colors—no life in Egypt—no forgiving brethren—no family reconciliation; that it is all a dream, a fantasy, an illusion in color; I know not in what terms he would have been denounced and with what horror he would have been shunned. Some of us still believe in the history of Joseph; and when all other "short stories" have run out, this story of Joseph will exact its tribute of tears from the eyes of far-off generations.

Then in this matter of credulity our quaint old pastors were little better than our mothers. If some modern criticism is true those old pastors were unconscious impostors. They had not a "doubt" to bless themselves with. They read the Bible and actually believed it, and preached it without a stammer. They used to preach about Daniel and the lions' den, and make us feel heroic in the heroism of the brave young man. Now it turns out that there were no lions, there was no den, and worst of all, there was no Daniel. The Book of Daniel is taken away bodily. Yet we are told that the Bible has been given back to

us by the critics, and that it is a better book than we had before. Some of us cannot yet receive this saying. At present we are suffering from a grievous sense of loss. Do not suppose, however, that all the higher critics are of one mind, or that they all pursue one method, and do not suppose that every minister has given up Joseph and his brethren, or even Daniel and the lions' den. Broad and indiscriminate statements are apt to be untrue and unjust on all sides of great controversies.

Our dear old pastors used to preach about David and quotingly call him "the sweet singer of Israel," and now it turns out that David was no singer at all, and that he probably never heard of the Psalms which he is supposed to have written. Still more widespread is the havoc made by some ruthless sickles. It is bad enough to lose Joseph and his brethren, Daniel and his den, David and his harp, Jonah and his whale, but these are comparative trifles. There was, according to some, no Miraculous Conception, no ministry of Miracles, no Resurrection of Christ. All is idealism, poetry, dream, and hazy myth. Bethlehem and Nazareth disappear from what we used to call the sacred page. In the old, old time when we were very young the Christian Church had a heaven and a hell, an immortal soul, a direct revelation from heaven, a book which it called "the Word of God." In those early days we thought ascended ones were "forever with the Lord." We said, in a sob which was really a song, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." We said that each of them had a crown, a harp, and a white robe. Now we are told that all we supposed to be real was but fancy, mirage, and "the stuff that dreams are made of."

I want you to see that if we yielded to these suggestions and demands we should be giving up a good deal. Do not suppose that it is easy for the soul to part with its very self—with all the things which would leave only emptiness and mocking echoes behind. We were sad when we saw the Bible thus depleted. We had really loved the Bible. It was literally everything to us. So when it seemed to go from us piece by piece, our hearts were grieved and our prospect was a great all-covering cloud. When we were asked, Why we were so sad? we could not easily refrain from saying—each for himself—"Why should not my countenance be sad, when the city, the place of my fathers' sepulchres, lieth waste, and the gates thereof are burned with fire?" We had so much—so very much to give up. Some of us have not even yet given up our faith. Blessed be God, some of us still believe in the whole Bible. We know that translation may have its faults, and that copyists may make blunders, and yet we hold to the whole book—we still call it The Holy Bible—it is to us in substance and in effect the veritable Word of God. All so-called higher criticism is not however of the same quality. There are higher critics and higher critics. Some of them are as lovingly Biblical as the best of us, and we thank them for all their noble and most useful service.

Yes; we have been asked to give up a good deal, and what, as I have already said, aggravates us most of all is that we have been asked to believe that the giving of it up has made the Bible more precious than ever to us. Genesis turns out to be mainly fable; Abram is not a man, but "an eponymous hero"; Joseph "is not" in another and deeper sense; Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, are mere dreams and nightmares; the books of Kings and Chronicles are removed bodily; Ecclesiastes and Solomon's Song ought never to have been in the Bible: yet notwithstanding all this we are to think of the Bible being "given back" to us more precious than ever. We cannot do so all at once. Our training blocks the way. Early impressions are often indelible. It is hard to regard supposed enemies as all at once our disguised friends. For example, many of us were brought up to believe that Tom Paine was an awful character—nothing short, indeed, of an infidel, blatant, presumptuous, defiant. Tom Paine was a kind of moral typhus, or a malignant form of small-pox. Every man who had a copy of "The Age of Reason" kept it in a secret drawer and lent it at night-time and under whispered vow of secrecy. To possess "The Age of Reason" was equal to having an infectious and loathsome disease. Bishop Watson answered "The Age of Reason," but the Bishop is now nowhere. Tom Paine's "soul goes marching on," but the Bishop is forgotten as if his book were a mere escape of gas. Tom Paine showed wonderful insight, and in a manner anticipated all the higher critics.

For example, Tom Paine said, "Whoever wrote the Pentateuch, Moses had little or nothing to do with it." But some who say this very thing have orthodox chairs in English universities and sign even more articles than thirty-nine, whilst Tom Paine is branded as an infidel and has no professional income. Tom Paine said there were at least two Isaiahs, in other words, that the Isaiah who wrote the first part of the book never wrote the second, and perhaps never knew that a second part was written. Some higher critics say the very same thing today, whilst Tom Paine is still regarded by orthodoxy as a most noxious beast. Poor Bishop Watson is on many sides treated as an evangelical milksop, whilst Tom Paine is lauded as a man of progress and of advanced and modern thought. Still we are told that Tom and his successors have given us "back" the Bible, and that it is now more precious than ever. It is not for me to revile Tom Paine; but I take it upon myself to say that no Tom Paine, notwithstanding all his insight and foresight, ought to be in any Free Church pulpit, and if Tom Paine is there we ought to eject and denounce him as a man who is making a living under false pretences.

It is not to be wondered at that some of us still cling to the Bible after the illiterate and traditional manner of our fathers and mothers, and pastors. Blame our training. Take full account of our antecedents. We drew in our love of the Bible with our mother's milk. The Bible helped some of us when the father died,

and there was neither coal in the grate nor bread in the cupboard. It sanctified our poverty, our struggles, our desolation. It turned the grave into a garden-plot. It put heart into us when all other things failed. The Bible has made us men. We are not to be told that this consolatory (not critical) Bible is still left to us. How long will it be left? Still higher critics may possibly arise in distant years who will purloin this jewel also. Who can say how much of the Bible will be left in half a century? We have a right to be suspicious. Where much has gone more may go. On the whole, therefore, I am of opinion that it is better to hold the Bible very much as we have always held it, to keep an open mind in relation to all competent and reverent criticism, to cling to the Bible in all its proved consolations and particular results, and to leave many difficulties and perplexities to be settled when in heaven we have more time and more light.

There is one test to which I cannot but submit every creed, every religion, every book. What kind of manhood has it produced? What sort of men did the old Bible grow? What of their aspirations, their service, their sacrifice? They were grand men. Perhaps narrow-minded, perhaps austere, perhaps conservative, but they were honorable, determined, self-sacrificing men. They were men who put themselves to a great deal of trouble for others. They gave away much money. They counted not their lives dear unto them. They liberated slaves, they smashed iniquitous monopolies, they founded missionary societies, they dared fire and sword, pestilence and cruelty. They had not the latest learning on the Pentateuch, Isaiah, and the Apocryphal books, but they gripped the Bible with a nerve of steel. They had immense and miracle-working faith. I believe in my heart that they were more self-sacrificing than many who laugh at their ignorance and condemn their narrowness. They believed in the literal inspiration of the Bible, in the immortality of the soul, in eternal punishment, in the atoning death of the Lord Jesus, and they cried after, if finally they might attain, the holiness of God. They were not critics, they were great workers, not grammarians but generous givers, not pedants but unsparing in benevolence and sacrifice. I judge every religion by the men it makes, and so judged, the Bible has no need to be ashamed of its stalwarts and its heroes. Shall I offend scholars and critics, grammarians and pedants, if I frankly say that merely as such they have next to nothing to do with the Bible? That the Bible has little or nothing to say to them in their academical capacity? The Bible seeks and finds the heart, talks to the spirit when in the deepest humility, goes out after the soul in its penitence and mortal hunger. When the reader is least a grammarian he may be nearest the spirit of the book. "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, To this man will I look, to the man that is of a humble and contrite heart, and that trembleth at My word." To "tremble" is better than to parse; in a deep and large sense salvation is not of grammar, else then only grammarians could have a high place in heaven. The plain duty of scholars, however, is to know the facts of the Bible as they really are, and to follow them with honest resolution. We must distinguish between fact and fable; we must buy the truth and sell it not; we must, if needs be, crown Tom Paine and depose Bishop Watson; at all costs and risks we must know the facts, and if needs be turn our back upon the most venerated superstitions. But we must be sure that alleged facts are real facts, and we must every day live in the large and charitable temper of inquiry and sympathy and truthfulness. We must love the sunshine, and the fresh air, and the growing day. Working in this spirit God will keep back from us nothing that is good for the soul. I hope we are all willing to put aside the Bible as a book outworn on condition that a better book more fully authenticated, more evidently from God, be first put in its place. We hold the old Bible we know until a better one has come.

In further considering this subject of training we must at once make a broad distinction between old men and young men. We have not had the same training for our work. We belong to different generations and must be judged accordingly. Of my young brethren I may say, as many seniors can say, "They must increase, but I must decrease." All that I ask from men who have enjoyed the highest university advantages is gratitude to the men who placed such advantages within their reach. We were not, as Nonconformists, fifty years ago, permitted to enter the universities, but we were determined that our sons should enter them. From those sons I expect gratitude. Do not mock the old men who have won your liberties. We may not be so learned as you are, but we made learning of the highest kind possible to you. If we do not bear the Oxford brand or the Cambridge brand, you know why; and you will neither mock us nor permit us to be mocked. You young men owe all you have to old and resolute Nonconformity, and you are not the men—the contemptible and soon-to-be-forgotten creatures—to remind us of our lack of technical culture. God has been graciously pleased to own ministries that the universities have either laughed at or ignored, and has given them sheaves in the day of harvest. We have worked to the best of our ability, and God has judged our desire to please Him. We should not, however, like the ungrateful contempt of some of our own children. Spare us. We cannot be long here now. The next generation will do better. Erudition loses nothing by modesty. Let God choose His own ministers. Always leave Him room in His own Church. For myself I do not propose to follow any learning which would create, perhaps with a degree of ostentation, a gulf between the pulpit and the pew. Learning should not divide, but unite. It is poor learning that makes men cynics and sneerers. I pray God for "the tongue of the learned, that knows how to be a word in season to him that is weary." That is the great learning! That is the learning of experience, of bitter sorrow, of sharp pain, of lonely Gethsemane. I pray God to continue to send into the ministry of the Free Churches men who will provoke the question: "How know-

eth this man these things, seeing he hath never learned letters?" Letters, if they stand alone, are the poorest and meanest of all learning. We must not disparage letters; we speak of them in this connection when they are letters only, grammars only, lexicons only. When they are saturated with the spirit of prayer, they are an acceptable sacrifice and a sweet smelling savour to God. We must pray for the inspiration of the Almighty. "The gold and crystal cannot equal it, and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold: no mention shall be made of coral or of pearls; the topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it," and as for rubies, they are in comparison as ashes thrown out as worthless.

There is only one thing that I dread more than self-important learning, and that is self-important ignorance. I dread the minister to whom preaching is easy. I hate, with religious and even holy hatred, the sermons that are shaken out of the coat sleeve on a Saturday night. We do not want such men in the ministry of the Gospel. Preaching should be a shedding of blood. Preaching is not a trick in plans, in cunning outlines, in shapely sculpture. There is a cant phrase now in vogue which I dislike. We say of such and such a man, "He is the greatest sermon builder in the modern pulpit." Preaching is not sermon-building, it is sermon-growing; it is the eloquence of a redeemed and grateful soul; it is the glow and the radiance of a wise exposition confirmed by a holy and satisfying experience. Never regard the Gospel as "simple" in the sense of being shallow; rather be overcome and prostrated as by "a light above the brightness of the sun," a baptism of glory at the Damascus gate of the pulpit. Never preach in haste. Study much, not to make the sermon obscure, but to make it as clear as crystal, and when you have done your very best always remember that you have not yet penetrated to "the secret place of the tabernacles of the Most High," and that far beyond all star-routes and orbits immeasurable, and all shadows "dark with excess of light," there is a mystic path infinitely brighter than the milky way, which the vulture's eye of the sublimest power and genius hath not seen. I say again, therefore, that we do not want the help of men who boast of their ignorance and offer their crude vulgarities as a sacrifice unto the Lord.

I observe with curious interest, that some men, even of Puritan training, are anxious to have their "orders" recognized by the Anglican Church, as the Anglican Church is anxious to have its orders recognized by Papal Rome. This is the feeblest nonsense. Let our spiritual work be our indisputable recognition. No doubt there are men in the Anglican Church who are prepared to recognize the "orders" of Nonconformist ministers. This is a piece of wholly gratuitous magnanimity. I should be ashamed of any Nonconformist who has been asking for hierarchical recognition. Surely no trained Nonconformist can stoop so abjectly. Speaking for myself alone, lest I should even seem to involve others, I say, I stand or fall by my work done at the bidding, and done in the strength, of God—"called" to be an apostle, separated unto the Gospel of God for the willing service of the cross, an apostle not of man, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ and by God the Father who raised Him from the dead. Brethren, if we are true ministers we are not licensed by a community, we are commissioned and anointed by God, and therefore the true minister is like a tree planted by the rivers of water, and the blessing of heaven, continual and unstinted, guarantees its amaranth and its fruitfulness. Let us pray and serve and suffer that for official men, whose "orders" are written with pen and ink, to deny our orders is to discredit and forfeit their own.

Many Anglican priests are as faithful to their environment or antecedents as we are to ours. In hating us and our ways, they think they are doing God service. They are sincere opponents. They think we are awful and hopeless characters, and they think this conscientiously. Take an extract from Gace's Catechism. "We have amongst us various Sects and Denominations who go by the general name of Dissenters. In what light are we to consider them?

"Answer: As heretics.

"Is then their worship a laudable service?

"No; because they worship God according to their own evil and corrupt imaginations, and not according to His revealed will, and therefore their worship is idolatrous."

What do you members of the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches say to that? You answer with mocking laughter, and say wisely—"Poor old Gace, Vicar of Great Barling!" That is the very best thing you can do. The Barling vicar knows better now, for he has seen the Lord—both his Lord and ours. But why not "let bygones be bygones"? Simply because they are not bygones. The very self-same things in even yet more offensive language are said today. The sacerdotal press hates us with a hearty relish. Do not suppose that the sacerdotal temper has changed. Rome never changes. We are willing that bygones should be bygones, but they must first be bygones. Rome never changes. I can produce sacerdotal language used today quite as ignorant, quite as malicious, and quite as shocking as the Vicar of Barling ever used. Rome never changes.

But have not many concessions been made to Dissenters? Not one. Everything we have has been taken at the spearpoint. Remember that. What has been done in churchyards, universities, in church rates, in corporations, has been done by our own hand. Remember that. If Acts of Parliament have been abolished;—if liberties have been increased: if status has been secured; it is, under God, solely the work of our hand. Remember that. We owe literally nothing to the Established Church. If we are charitable towards it we display a magnanimity created and sanctified by the cross of Christ.

DISTRIBUTE COUPONS AT CONVENTIONS

and it is quite possible that you will receive enough votes to send you to Palestine at our expense. See page 475.

A KING WITH LAME FEET AND A LIMPING SOUL.

By Louis Albert Banks, D. D.

"And Asa in the thirty and ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet until his disease was exceeding great; yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord but to the physicians." 2 Chronicles 16: 12.

Certain devotees of that strange new fad called Christian Science, about which the late Dr. Swing aptly said that it was neither science on the one hand, nor Christian on the other, have held this text to be a certain knock-out for the doctors, and to uphold their claims in regard to the treatment of disease. But the story does not bear out that interpretation.

The story of King Asa is the story of a man who gradually grew worldly and wicked, until the fear of God and the worship of God departed from him. He lived a life of luxury and dissipation until he became sensual, and everything seemed unreal to him except those things which were material. Gold and silver, palaces, vast estates, alliances with other rich kings like himself, these were the things to depend upon; if a man had plenty of these he could snap his fingers at God, and go his way without worry; that was what Asa thought, and that was the way he acted.

There came a time when Asa's kingdom was in danger. An enemy came up and built a fortress at Ramah that practically shut King Asa up in his own country, so that he could neither come in nor go out. Then Asa, instead of turning to God and repenting of his sin, and seeking Divine guidance and help, went to work and rifled the treasure vaults of the house of the Lord. He took those rare and rich vessels of gold and silver which were used in the service of God, and went and bought up King Ben-Hadad, of Syria, and bribed him to become his ally against his enemies. It seemed for a little while that he was going to succeed at it. But it was of very short duration. It was not long before the Prophet Hanani, King Asa's chaplain, came to him with a message from God, and said to him: "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him. Herein thou hast done foolishly: therefore from henceforth thou shalt have wars."

King Asa was mad clean through that a preacher whom he supported and who fed at his table should dare to say so uncomplimentary a thing to him, and have the effrontery to prophesy such stern things, so he shoved the preacher into jail, went into a great rage and went out to oppress his people more than ever.

But troubles followed swift on the track of King Asa; not only did wars threaten, but disease fell on him; he became lame, so that he could only hobble about on crutches, and then he had to be carried, but still he swore he would find healing himself. He would not turn to God; he became more stubborn and brutal the worse he was off, and in that spirit he died.

There is a great piece of irony in the description that is given of the treatment of King Asa's body after he was dead. The historian says:

"They buried him in his own sepulchers, which he had made for himself in the city of David, and laid him in the bed which was filled with sweet odors and divers kind of spices prepared by the apothecaries' art, and they made a very great burning for him."

That, in substance, is the story of King Asa, and alas, it is often duplicated in our own times. Men and women who start out well, whose hearts are innocent and pure in youth, are caught in the whirl of worldliness until, in pursuit of wealth or position or earthly pleasure, they lose their confidence and faith and trust in God. They are deteriorated by the worldly things they handle, and the material and selfish and utterly faithless associates with whom they mingle. Men cannot handle snails without the slime sticking to their fingers. You cannot handle live coals and not be burned, and you cannot handle dead coals without being blackened by the smut. Men cannot thrust their living souls deliberately into the closest fellowship and communion with those who are only greedy, and selfish, and cunning, who neither love God nor man, without danger of losing that sensitiveness and confidence, and trust in God, that gentle sympathy of soul toward their fellow men which is the heart and fibre of Christianity.

And so after awhile these young men and young women, brought up among Christian influences, and who went forth into life professedly Christians, become worldly; they feel that to have good business connections; to have property well invested; to have titles to real estate, is more important than to keep the heart in tune with God, and to keep the soul alive to a glad and happy Christian experience. When the conscience stings in rebuke, the hatches are shut down on it, and it is hushed to sleep. When some preacher, like Prophet Hanani, who has no fear of man before his eyes, and who would rather displease any man than to fail to be true to his God, speaks a sharp clear word of truth, which cuts down through all the worldly covering, and sharp as a two-edged sword pierces the conscience, instead of stirring them to repentance, it only makes them angry and revengeful. If they could they would thrust the preacher into jail like Asa did Hanani, and let him cool his ardor on bread and water. But as it is, they take it out in criticising him, and sneering at him as a sentimentalist, and go on in their worldliness, trusting to everything else more than to God.

There is no tragedy so terrible as that of a man or a woman, who having once known the truth, having once known the sweet fellowships of faith, and hope, and love, fall away from it, and little by little become fossilized, until their hearts lose all sensi-

tiveness to divine things, and their trust centers in the things of the world.

A man may have a fine funeral after he is dead, and have a costly tomb in the cemetery, but he has made a poor bargain when he has traded the chance to feed the starving, to clothe the naked, to give comfort and good cheer to the careworn and the troubled, in order that his dead body may rot on a marble slab. King Asa had it all arranged; his grave was to be perfumed; the sweetest spices and odors were to be constantly put about his decaying body, and great torches were to burn above his tomb. Poor man, how he was swindled! I would rather have the fragrance coming up from the grateful heart of one little child, comforted by loving sympathy, than all the odors of all the flowers that could be crushed and distilled, to perfume a grave. I would rather have the spice that comes forth from one young life inspired and encouraged by a hand outstretched in time to help onward to better things, than all the spices that the caravans could carry across the desert to feed the worms that prey on a dead body. Oh, my friend, take care of the odors and the spices, take care of the fragrance and the torches that are to do honor to you after you are dead, now, while you live, by living every day with such sweetness and sympathy and helpfulness of spirit, that the fragrance of love, and gratitude, shall make the world full of odors after you are gone.

And yet, even at the last it was Asa's own fault. Even when sin had alienated his country, had turned the hearts of his people from him, and disease had fallen on his poor limping body, if he had opened his heart to hear the message sent him by God's prophet, and had repented of his sins, and turned to God with a broken and a contrite heart, his poor lame soul, which was far more important to him than his limping feet, would have been made whole again. And is it not true that while I say this some of you are feeling in your hearts that you are in a like situation? Your soul has been drawn away from God; you have come at last to put all your trust in worldly things; prayer has become an idle ceremony on your lips, if even the empty words have not become silent there. Like King Asa, you are living without God. My friends, you cannot live Asa's life, and miss Asa's doom. God is no respector of persons. "The wages of sin is death," death physically, intellectually, morally, spiritually. In God's name I pray you take warning from this man's fate, and turn unto God through Jesus Christ, the Great Physician, and be healed mind and soul while you may.

When Dr. Lorenz, the great Austrian surgeon, was making his visit to the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, the corridors and doors of the rooms were thronged with young physicians, anxious to see the famous surgeon. Suddenly, the great man stopped, and laid his hand on the shoulder of one student, and said to him in a kindly, even tone, "Make the best of these opportunities; if you do you will succeed." It is said the student flushed with pride, and a determination seized him to carry out the advice of the great man, whose potent hand had touched him.

The other students who had witnessed the touch, and heard the words of Dr. Lorenz, looked on with envy, and their faces plainly indicated that they, too, would deem it a high honor to have that hand laid on their shoulders, and be permitted to look into his eyes as he said: "Make the best of these opportunities; if you do you will succeed."

Dear friend, the Great Physician is here this evening. Dr. Lorenz could only touch one here and there with his superb skill, and thus bring healing, inspiration and blessing. But Jesus Christ, the Great Physician of souls, can touch every one who needs divine healing. Not one need suffer unaided. Even now, while I speak, if you will open your heart to Him, and in humble penitence and faith, breathe out your request to Him, you shall know that He stands by your side, you shall feel that He is looking into your eyes; the touch of His blessed hand shall thrill you through and through, and your heart shall throb with glad knowledge that you are in the presence of Him, "who forgiveth all thy iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases."

Mr. S. K. Life, Y. M. C. A. Bldg., Cleveland, O., will assist pastors in managing the singing in camp-meetings, tent or open air work. He is reliable. You may write him direct.

It will be good news to many that A. C. Dixon has been prevailed upon to permit his sermons to be published in a monthly periodical. Each issue will contain two or more sermons, and those commencing the volume will be under the general subject of Gospel Ethics. Dr. Dixon preaches the genuine gospel, and in as attractive a form as it is preached in America. The subscription price is $1.00, and may be sent to W. H. Smith, 25 Stanhope street, Boston, Mass.

FAIR WARNING CONCERNING THE BIBLICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA.

There remain only 392 sets of this work. My two leading agents will require each 100 sets, leaving only 192 sets for Current Anecdotes readers.

If you have any thought of ever buying this work, do it now. It is doubtful if another edition will be published from these plates, and that means that the work from new plates will cost you a great deal more. You will get more practical information out of this work than you will from works costing twice as much. Fair Warning! Going! See page 455.

PULPIT CHANGES.

BAPTIST.

Belden, F. O., Carthage to Binghamton, N. Y.
Bergstrom, Rev., Hudson, Wis., resigned.
Bradley, W., Roxbury, Mass., resigned.
Brown, Jas. A., Ypsilanti, Mich., to Aurora, Ill.
Brown, Elder W. H., Havensville, Kan., resigned.
Busfield, T. E., Utica, N. Y., resigned.
Cheney, David B., Racine, Wis., to Terre Haute, Ind.
Church, A. C., Reading, Mich., to Esterville, Ia.
Clark, John L., Oberlin to Lorain, O.
Cole, Arthur S., Warsaw, N. Y., to Millville, N. J.
Cooper, J. J., Stockbridge to Howell, Ind.
Ditmars, James G., Brooklyn, N. Y., resigned.
Fitzwilliam, Charles H., Albany, N. Y., to Punxsutawney, Pa.
Frary, T. B., West Branch, Mich., resigned.
Fraser, A., D. D., Mitchell, S. D., to Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.
Greenwood, C. J., Meriden to Westfield, N. J.
Griffith, J. T., Johnstown, Pa., resigned.
Howerton, D. H., Oakland City to Boonville, Ind.
Howland, Thomas, Byron to Vernon, Mich.
Hudson, F. E., Waterloo, Ia., resigned.
Ide, G. H., Milwaukee, died.
McLean, Philip, Pueblo, Col., to New Castle, Pa.
McLeod, W. H., Hutchinson, Kan., to Chicago, Ill.
Mabry, Walter, Sylvester, Ga., died.
Main, Wm. H., Syracuse, N. Y., to Hartford, Conn.
Massee, J. C., Raleigh, N. C., resigned.
Palmer, F. J., Lima, N. Y., resigned.
Parker, Chas. D., Wilmington, Del., resigned.
Pelton, F. E., Fairfield to Chariton, Ia.
Place, R., Rome, Mich., resigned.
Reagen, Rev., Nora Springs, Ia., resigned.
Rundell, E. D., New Buffalo, Mich., to Caro, Mich.
Shaftoe, Rev., Logan, Ia., resigned.
Smith, Wm. A., Waterville to Portland, Me.
Story, W. E., Shenandoah, Ia., to Sacramento, Cal.
Thomas, Wm. M., Canandaigua, N. Y., resigned.
Van Kirk, Robert W., Rockland, Me., to Jackson, Mich.
Vulkoff, T. V., DuBoise, Pa., died.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Barrett, Rev., Albion, Ill., resigned.
Beard, Reuben A., Cambridge, Mass., resigned.
Buck, E. A., Fall River, Mass., died.
Bush, F. W., Hopkins to Galesburg, Mich.
Clark, Rev., Mayville, N. D., to Spokane, Wash.
Dorland, C. P., Los Angeles, Cal., resigned.
Dungan, T. Arthur, Imlay City, Mich., resigned.
George, W. P., Kansas City, Mo., resigned.
Heywood, James, Clear Lake, Ia., resigned.
Hodgdon, Frank W., Orange Valley, N. J., to Des Moines, Ia.
Hunt, Henry, Greenwich, Conn., resigned.
Lade, James, Brocton, Mass., resigned.
McComas, Rev., North Attleboro, Mass., to Cadillac, Mich.
McKnight, H. C., East Long Meadow, Mass., resigned.
Means, Frederick H., Windham, Conn., resigned.
Reid, John H., Bellows Falls, Vt., to Walden.
Tenney, Wm. I., North Adams, Mass., resigned.
Tuttle, H. W., Manchester, Ia., resigned.
Van Horne, Francis J., Des Moines, Ia., to Worcester, Mass.
Welsh, J. W., Evanston to Princeton, Ill.
Wright, A. H., Portland, Me., resigned.

DISCIPLE.

Draper, F. D., Toronto to Cleveland, O.
Hoffman, J. M., Boone, Ia., resigned.
Knight, Jay W., Champaign, Ill., resigned.
Lee, Milton H., Baltimore, Md., to Virginia.
Plattenberg, Frank, Circle, Cleveland, O., resigned.
Sutherlin, U. G., New Albany, Ind., resigned.

METHODIST.

Barnes, Charles R., Washington, N. J., resigned.
Covey, A. H., Pocomoke to Princess Anne, Md.
Ferguson, G. G., Tacoma, Wash., resigned.
Harper, Wm. S., Smithtown, L. I., called to Bridgeport, Conn.
Madison, W. C., Emporia, Kan., resigned.
Marshall, Jas. W., D. D., Camden, N. J., resigned.
Murdoch, David Y., London, O., died.
Smith, Geo. F., Cass City, Mich., died.
Thurston, W. A., Jamaica Plain, Mass., resigned.
Wilson, James O., Lincoln, Ill., to Brooklyn, N. Y.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Axtell, J. S., Portland, Ind., resigned.
Bagnall, P., Paterson, N. J., resigned.
Billingsley, John A., Brooklyn, N. Y., resigned.
Blue, J. H. F., D. D., Marathon, N. Y., to Toronto, Can.
Bogle, C. W., Richwood, O., resigned.
Bray, J. C., Okmulgee, I. T., to Kansas City, Mo.
Brown, Andrew M., New Hamburg, N. Y., resigned.
Brown, A. B., West Plains, Mo., resigned.
Calnon, Coffeyville, Kan., resigned.
Campbell, John D., Bathesda, N. Y., to Hicksville, O.
Chichester, Wm. J., Chicago, Ill., died.
Clark, W. H., Detroit, Mich., resigned.
Cravens, W. A., Carrollton, Mo., resigned.
Crawford, John A., Lancaster, Pa., resigned.
Crissman, S. M., Scottsburg to Gas City, Ind.
Cutting, G. R., Yonkers, N. Y., resigned.
Dickey, G. V., Louisville, Ky., resigned.
Dickson, William, Canfield, O., resigned.
Duer, Jas. M., Chicago to Hillsboro, Ill.
Ewing, H. D., Pittsburg, Pa., resigned.
Faris, J. T., Mt. Carmel, Ill., to Kirkwood, Mo.
Ferguson, Francis L., St. Louis, Mo., died.
Fisher, A. W., Brooklyn, N. Y., resigned.
Fraser, Rev., Mitchel, S. D., to Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.
Gilchrist, E. P., Ossian to Newtown, Ind.
Gray, Chas. O., Smithtown Branch, N. Y., resigned.
Grigsley, Maurice, Elwood, Ill., resigned.
Hart, W. T., Huron, O., resigned.
Hawkins, Lemuel J., Palestine to Harrisburg, Ill.
Hedges, T. J., Pitkin, Col., to Bellevue, Idaho.
Hough, W. A., Malad City to Boise, Idaho.
Hoyt, Chas. E., Castlewood, S. D., resigned.
Hughes, J. J., Fredonia to Burrton, Kan.
Humphrey, Louis E., Stockham to Edgar, Neb.
Ilsey, W. H., Leon, Ia., resigned.
Kelly, N. B., Eldersridge, Pa., resigned.
Lawrence, G. A., Minonk, Ill., to Ottawa, O.
Layport, W. F., Pataskala, O., resigned.
Logan, James, Sedalia, Mo., died.
Lukens, V. H., Wilkesbarre, Pa., (assistant), resigned.
Luther, Martin, Valparaiso, Ind., resigned because of ill health.
McCaslin, Chas., Bucyrus to Yonkers.
McCullough, R. H., White City, Kan., resigned.
McFerran, A., Sheldon, Ill., to Lebanon, Ind.
McGaffin, Alexander, Brooklyn, N. Y., resigned because of ill health.
McGiffen, N. M., North East, Pa., resigned.
MacKeracher, W. M., Montreal, Can., resigned.
McLaughlin, D. B., Towner, N. D., to Diller, Neb.
Martin, C. G., Sandusky, O., resigned.
Martin, E. M., Richland Center, Wis., resigned.
Miller, Rev., Casselton, N. D., to Austin, Minn.
Morrison, W. A., Graniteville, Vt., resigned.
Morton, F. R., Pacific, Cal., to Parsons, Kan.
Newman, J. M., Clinton, Mo., to Morris City, Ill.
Oates, L. A., Chambersburg, Pa., resigned.
Quayle, Thos. R., Buckingham, Ill., resigned.
Russell, S. B., Bradford, Pa., resigned.
Sanson, J. R., Belle Mead, N. J., resigned.
Sawyers, H. A., Oregon, Mo., resigned.
Schultz, Adolph R., Pulaski, Pa., resigned.
Scott, S. K., New Paris, O., resigned.
Smith, W. W., Waverly to Coffeyville, Kan.
Sterrett, Wm., D. D., Philadelphia, Pa., resigned.
Still, Josiah, Wassaic N. Y., resigned.
Teller, Henry L., Balston Spa, N. Y., resigned.
Vallier, James, City of Rolla, Mo., resigned.
Vannuys, Hervey, D. D., Goshen, Ind., resigned.
Weir, W. F., Waverly to Ashtabula, O.
Winder, J. W., Cincinnati, O., resigned.
Williams, George, Alexandria, S. D.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Anderson, Dr. John A., Erie to Allegheny, Pa., U. P.
Baker, Jacob, Raisin Center to Adrian, Mich., Friends.
Bush, F. W., Hilliards to Galesburg, Mich.
Carlson, A. T., Hartford, Conn., wishes to resign, Swed. Cong.
Clark, Rev., Hillsboro, N. D., resigned.
Collins, Dr. A. M., Shelbyville, Ill., died.
Currey, David F., Lacey, Ark., died.
Dickhaut, Benj. E., Brooklyn to Harlem, N. Y., Ref.
Dickinson, E. O., Hillsdale to Vassar, Mich., F. B.
DuBoise, Rev., Council Bluffs, Ia., to St. Louis, Mo., U. P.
Dunn, A. T., D. D., Waterville, Me., died.
Glover, J. W., Zion, Ky., died, M. E. Ch. South.
Gordon, Albert, Youngstown, O., resigned, U. P.
Hanna, Rev., D. D., Monmouth, Ill., resigned, U. P.

Hartley, St. Thomas, Can., to Yonkers, N. Y.
Henderson, Johnson, Chicago, Ill., resigned.
Huber, Eli, D. D., resigned from Pennsylvania College.
June, Adrian T., Portland, Me., resigned.
Kommers, T. J., Elizabeth, N. J., to National City, Cal., Ref.
Kooiker, G., Britton to Centerville, Mich.
Lade, James, Brocton to Scotland, Mass.
Landis, W. W., Bryan, O., resigned because of ill health, L. U. B.
Lindholm, Lambert I., Brockton, Mass., to Plainfield, N. J., Swed. Cong.
McMichael, T. H., Cleveland, O., resigned, U. P.
Neumann, John, Ann Arbor to Detroit, Mich.
Mix, L. B., Muscatine, Ia., resigned, U. B.
Musser, N. E., Paw Paw to Davison, Mich., F. B.
Osgood, Bertram M., Cambridge, Mass., resigned, Free Bap.
Osthoff, E. C., Muscatine, Ia., to S. D. as missionary, Ger. Cong.
Patterson, Talmage M., Lynn Bap. Ch. to Sullivan, N. H., Cong. Ch.
Pitman, Homer K., Riverdale, O., resigned, U. B.
Roe, J. C., Kenton, O., resigned, U. P.
Ross, J. F., Omaha, Neb., to Reinbeck, Ia., U. P.
Sites, I. A., Tiffin, O., died.
Suydam, John Howard, Rhinebeck, N. Y., resigned, Ref. Ch.
Trefz, E. F., Omaha, Neb., to Binghamton, N. Y.
Williamson, A. J., Iowa Falls, Ia., will resign.

Where Are They?

Anyone knowing the present address of any of the following preachers, will please send it to F. M. BARTON, 619 ROSE BLDG., CLEVELAND, O. Former address is given.

Rev. Harry O. Hofstad, pastor M. E. Church, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.
Rev. W. H. Carter, D. D., Carmi, Ill.
C. F. Stilwell, Harrisonville, Mo.
Rev. Thomas Miller, Yorkville, S. C.
Rev. J. P. Robinson, Greenwood, S. C.
Rev. F. E. Depew, Burtville, Potter Co., Pa.
Rev. J. A. Watson, box 410, Hastings, Mich.
Rev. E. Iverson, pastor Congregational Church, Chippewa Falls, Wis.
Rev. Will J. Douglas, Romeyn, Neb.
Educational Directory Co., 2619 North 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
W. P. Painter, Joe, N. C.
Rev. E. M. Johnson, East Concord, N. Y.
W. T. Rouse, Lewisville, Ky.
C. C. Rarick, Akron, O.
Rev. W. G. Baker, West Point, Miss.
Rev. Canon Dixon, 132 Fulford St., Montreal, Can.
Rev. W. P. Grant, pastor M. E. Church, Ferndale, Col.
Rev. R. Leland Brown, Pittsburgh, Ill.
Rev. R. H. Keith, Macon, Mo.
Rev. M. V. Learnce, Corydon, Ky.
Rev. G. C. McPheeters, Aberdeen, O.
Howard Osborne, Portland, Ore.
F. C. O'Meara, 1238 Beaubin St., Detroit, Mich.
Rev. E. E. Wood, Richland, Mich.
A. W. Talbert, Coffeyville, Kan.
H. S. Stevens, Dallas, Texas.
Anna Scott, 225 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Rev. L. Thomas Rebbes, Crumpton, Md.
F. N. Gass, Centralia, Ill.
S. Montgomery, pastor 1st Baptist Church, Marquez, Texas.
Henry H. Busby, Forest City House, City.
Audley J. Heather, 531 River View Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
Rev. J. E. Russell, Cadiz, O.
Rev. J. Monroe McDonald, Terry, Lawrence Co., S. Dakota.
Rev. H. H. Branch, Carbondale, Pa.
Rev. Elnathan Braddock, New York Hall, Louisville, Ky.

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